LIMITED WAR WITH CHINA?

The Reporter

March 6, 1951

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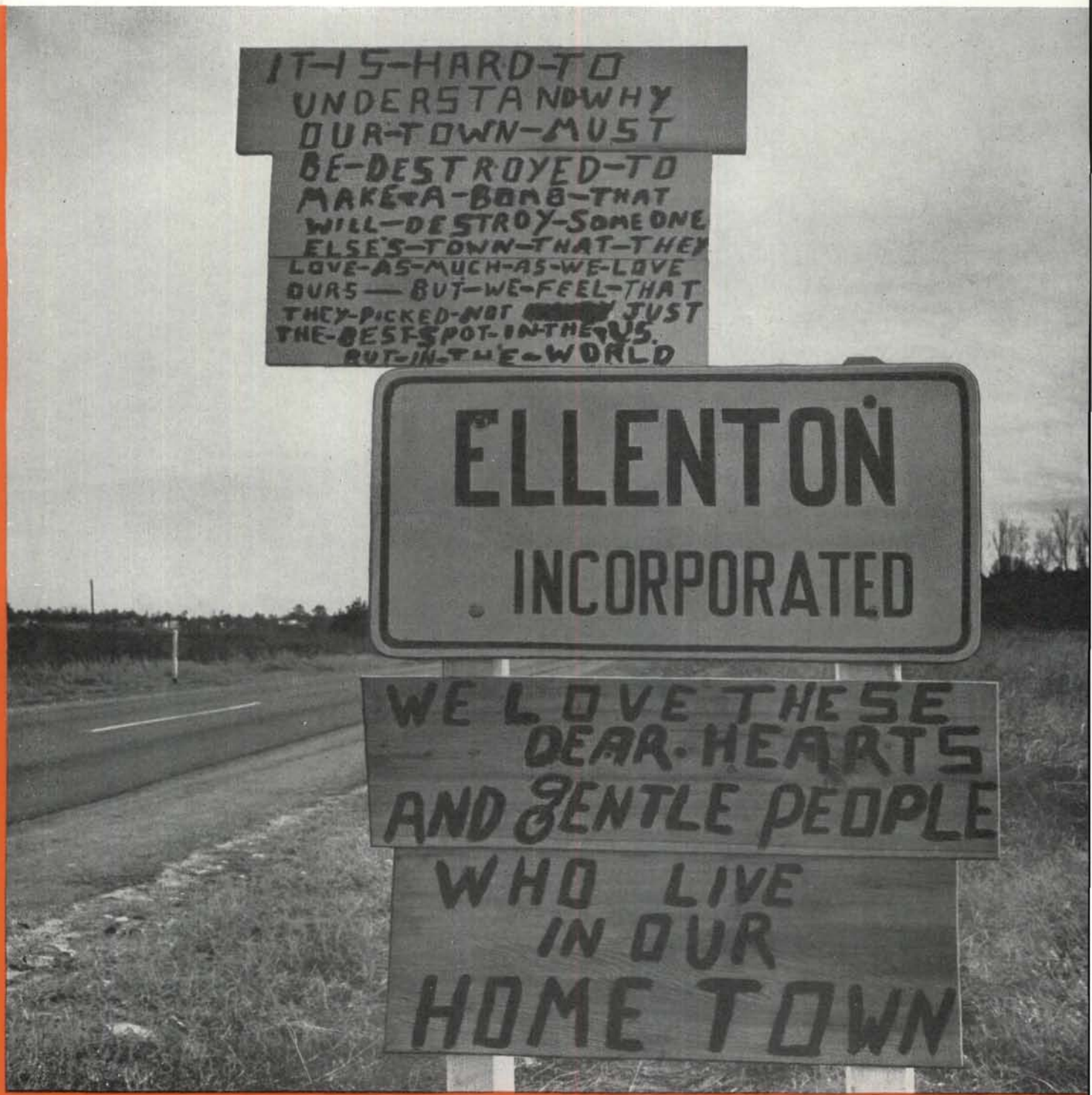

THE H-BOMB COMES TO SOUTH CAROLINA

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French infantry practicing infiltration and stream crossing

Recruits at Montlhéry, near Paris, go through routines familiar the world over

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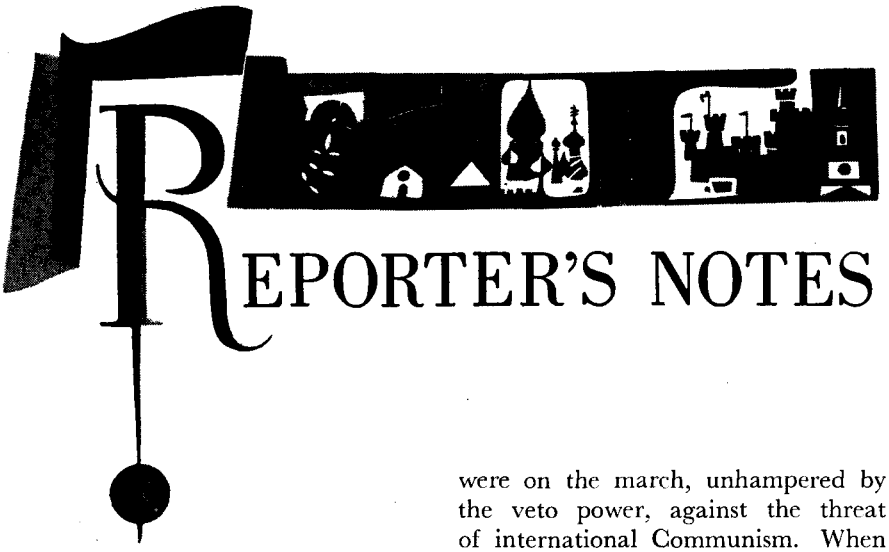

REPORTER'S NOTES

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The word "limited," as applied to war, is the most recent entry in that long, long list of words that are losing their meaning through thoughtless, promiscuous repetition. "Limited war" used to denote a rigidly budgeted, or experimental, or sample war—a sort of military maneuver with real ammunition and real dead. Lately, we have heard a great deal about a limited war against China, a country of four hundred and fifty million people with a shoreline of about five thousand miles and a territory of three million square miles. Obviously any military action actually fought or mapped out is limited if only somebody calls it limited. Even a total war could be called limited because it is not supposed to go beyond the boundaries of the planet.

All this semantic confusion is particularly objectionable, for the bloody and costly Korean conflict should give us an unmistakably clear notion of what a limited war actually is.

Since it began, the Korean War has been characterized by a fantastic disproportion between military events and their political repercussions. The first victories of the North Koreans shook the world, as if the plight of the threatened, sorely pressed United Nations had found its symbol in the precarious Pusan beachhead. The MacArthur victories after the Inchon landing were magnified on the political screen by the Acheson reform of the General Assembly. The free peoples were on the march, unhampered by the veto power, against the threat of international Communism. When Red China attacked and the U.N. armies rolled back, such a wave of panic spread over Asia and western Europe that a very large number of people here and abroad gave up not only Korea but both continents for lost.

When General Ridgway started the offensive that he chose to call "limited," in the right sense of the word, the shifting equilibrium of power between our bloc and the Soviet was at times represented by clashes between military formations of battalion or company strength. This peripheral, remote war foreshadows, in modest dimensions, the far larger conflicts lurking in the key sections of the world. The sparring of task forces is, at least temporarily, a substitute for the clash of gigantic armies. The events on the frozen battlefields of Korea, magnified by imagination and fear, bring home countless lessons to the people of the world.

There are the lessons on what air-sea power can do in peninsular warfare, on lengthening lines of communication, on the cost that a people must pay for liberation and that the American liberators must pay to live up to the promises of their government. Is Korea a rehearsal or a substitute for the struggle in Europe?

Whatever the answer may be, this limited war with unlimited psychological and political repercussions should have taught us whatever we still needed to learn—a little over five years after V-J Day—about the brutal reality of war. In fact, there is something smug and horrid in the very idea of learning, as if our soldiers and the people of Korea—teachers or guinea pigs—had to go through so much horror just for our enlightenment. We are the beneficiaries of this enlightenment, in our offices and in our homes, heated at around seventy-five degrees, while we work or muse about the coming war, or listen to the radio or read dispatches from Korea like this one, which appeared a few days ago in the New York *Times*:

"This armored column today took a little hamlet north of Anyang . . . A napalm raid hit the village three or four days ago . . . The inhabitants throughout the village and in the fields were caught and killed and kept the exact postures they had held when the napalm struck—a man about to get on his bicycle, fifty boys and girls playing in an orphanage, a housewife strangely unmarked, holding in her hand a page torn from a Sears-Roebuck catalogue crayoned at mail order number 3,811,294 for a $2.98 'bewitching bed jacket—coral.'"

The fight of the United Nations forces in Korea presupposes the hope that we can at least reach a stalemate there so that the people of Korea will no longer have to be the sacrificial people of the U.N. and so that they may, with our assistance, establish some form of decent government.

In the varying fortunes of war through the devastated peninsula, with armies marching below, above, below again, and perhaps above again the 38th parallel, we have had a chance to see in the raw what that abstract term—containment—means. If General Ridgway's army succeeds in its meat-grinder tactics, the result must be more than to consume well-trained Chinese manpower. It must be to give a break at long last to our soldiers and to the Korean people. We need not relearn elsewhere the same lessons on liberation and warfare. Unless the lesson to be derived is the absolute meaninglessness of the whole thing, we as well as the enemy should now know that this limited war of unlimited repercussions has shown the world the cost of both aggression and liberation.

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Correspondence

Uprisings and Bikes

To the Editor: Thank you for the good work done in trimming down and tailoring for space my article on Formosa which appeared in your February 6 issue.

For accuracy's sake, however, I'd like to go on record that members of the Formosa Advisory Group predicted serious uprisings against Chiang's man Chen Yi as early as December, 1945, two months after the "Takeover" (the group was withdrawn in early 1946). Furthermore, the mainland conscripts, unfamiliar with many of Formosa's complex modern facilities, carried their bicycles because they did not know how to ride them—not, as the printed text suggests, because they were ignorant of their purpose.

GEORGE H. KERR
Stanford, California

Robertson's Insight

To the Editor: Congratulations to *The Reporter* for the excellent descriptive article, "Hill-Country Editor," by Archie Robertson, giving an intimate and humorous account of a Georgia editor's methods.

Until I read this entertaining article, I had given up all hope that publications analyzing the news would ever leaven their deadly serious literary fare with the fine humor afforded by average folks in hot pursuit of their daily bread.

Considering the present crop of frustrated, pseudo-intellectual pencil pushers, who write what they in their pea brains consider fashionable, it is indeed highly gratifying to have an author with Robertson's perceptive and humorous—yet kindly—insight into human nature.

ROBERT RUDOLPH MARSHBANK, JR.
Arnold, Maryland

Far Eastern Strategy

To the Editor: It is refreshing to read the arguments for a limited war with China in so sophisticated a setting as William W. Kaufmann provides in his article in your February 6 issue on the balance of power. I wonder, however, whether the very excellence of the general approach does not make more evident the fallacies and shortcomings of this method of dealing with Mao's China. The greatest return we would get from bombing, blockade, and guerrilla tactics, says Kaufmann, would be that of facing Russia with the threat of a two-front war. But wouldn't the two-front war be ours, rather than Russia's? When we were compelled to fight Japan in the 1940's, we did it with a clear recognition that we were saving our islands and even our own coasts from invasion; we never deluded ourselves into supposing that we were in any way forcing Hitler to divide his attention, his energies, or his armed strength.

Kaufmann's argument must rest on the assumption that Mao and Stalin are not only allied but that they are representatives of one nation; or that Mao is not only subservient but so much of a nonentity that Stalin will act as if his own sovereignty extended over China. Quite apart from any reserves of independence that Mao may possess, the fact is that Russia must look on China as a buffer, rather than a vulnerable extension of itself. The whole point about a buffer is that it may successfully involve your enemy in a two-front war, while ensuring that you are involved on only one front.

Conceivably the tactics Kaufmann suggests could prevent China from moving down into Southeast Asia. But to have this result the bombings would need to be so extensive and persistent as to destroy the very concept of "limited" war. We should then be engaged in a "preventive" war. And whatever moral judgment might say concerning this, practical judgment would seem to rule it out.

What the advocates of punishing China seem to ignore is that the most effective punishment is to proceed exactly as we are doing in Korea. Cutting down China's trade may harm Mao, but cutting up his army will harm him much more. Bombing the mainland would not be nearly so effective a war measure as bombing military concentrations in the narrow peninsula. Of course Mao might escape all this by withdrawing his armies across the Yalu River. But is there anyone who would object to that?

AUGUST HECKSCHER
New York City

'Aggressor' Insignia

To the Editor: As a former volunteer Army officer, I am fascinated by the picture of the two "Aggressor Force" officers on the inside of the back cover of your February 6 number.

It seems to me your readers, including many war veterans, would like to know something about the rank insignia these men are wearing on their caps. The man on the right appears to be wearing three oak leaves and crossed cavalry sabers, while the other, poor devil, has only two oak leaves and no saber.

Were these special insignia devised for the purpose of identifying an "Aggressor?" And did the defenders, presumably, wear conventional U.S. Army insignia?

In passing, permit me to compliment you on the splendid profile of Walter Ulbricht by "Robert Dall."

DELBERT CLARK
New York City

[*All of Mr. Clark's assumptions are correct; "Aggressor" officers wear phony combinations of U.S. insignia.—The Editors*]

Contributors

James Colwell is the pseudonym of a former U. S. Army lieutenant colonel who served in China during the Second World War and the subsequent hostilities between Communists and Nationalists. His duties included the supervision of a Chinese railroad. . . . Graham Peck wrote *Two Kinds of Time* and *Through China's Wall*. . . . John B. Spore is Associate Editor of *The Combat Forces Journal*. . . . Albert Douglas is a free-lance aviation writer. . . . George McMillan has been given a Guggenheim Fellowship to work on a social history of the South. . . . Jean Lyon was the correspondent of The New York *Times* in Peking when the Communists took over that city. . . . Mireille Gaulin Gerould, who lived in Brazil as a child, has revisited the country as a journalist and Pan American Airways representative. . . . Theodore H. White is Chief European Correspondent of the Overseas News Agency. . . . Ruthven Todd, British poet, has contributed to several American magazines; he is also known as an authority on William Blake. . . . David Kenyon Webster developed his opinions on military matters as an infantryman in the 101st Airborne Division. . . . Cover by George McMillan (LIFEPHOTO); photograph inside front cover by Magnum; photograph inside back cover by Wide World.

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The Reporter
A FORTNIGHTLY OF FACTS AND IDEAS

March 6, 1951 Volume 4, No. 5

Military Policy on Two Fronts

		Page
The Parrots of F.D.R.—an Editorial	*Max Ascoli*	4
Limited War with China?		
I. THE EXPOSED ARTERIES	*James Colwell*	5
II. THE UNREACHABLE BACKBONE	*Graham Peck*	9
Needed: a New French Army	*Jean-Jacques Servan Schreiber*	12
The Army's Manpower Problem: Slicing the "Division Slice"	*John B. Spore*	13
What Korea Is Teaching the Air Force	*Albert Douglas*	16

At Home & Abroad

The H-Bomb's First Victims The peaceful doom of Ellenton, South Carolina	*George McMillan*	17
India's Submerged Majority: the Unknown Villagers About eighty-five per cent of the people live in voluntary isolation	*Jean Lyon*	21
Vargas of Brazil: He Wouldn't Stay Dead A dictator who knows how not to act like one	*Mireille Gaulin Gerould*	25
U.S. Diplomacy's Top Team in Paris Bruce, Bohlen, and Katz feel the pulse of a continent	*Theodore H. White*	28
Civil Defense on Third Avenue The boys find Mike's bar more comfortable than a warden's post	*Ruthven Todd*	32

Views & Reviews

Building the Rommel Legend Behind the shining armor of a new Teutonic knight	*Al Newman*	35
"Nuts!" to I. & E. An ex-combat infantryman speaks his mind on the morale builders	*David Kenyon Webster*	38
How to Jerk Tears and Influence Listeners A review of *Do's and Don'ts of Radio Writing*	*Robert K. Bingham*	39
To Man's Measure . . . A young exile who brings us music and gratitude	*Gouverneur Paulding*	40

Editor & Publisher: Max Ascoli; *Assistant Editor:* Philip Horton; *Managing Editor:* Robert S. Gerdy; *Copy Editors:* Al Newman, William Knapp; *Art Editor:* Reg Massie; *Staff Writers:* Robert K. Bingham, Douglass Cater, Richard A. Donovan, Claire Neikind, Gouverneur Paulding.

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Editorial

The Parrots of F.D.R.

The extraordinary thing about the great debate is that the debaters are nearly all professional politicians engaged in a contest on high strategy. When General Eisenhower, a professional strategist, turned the tables and delivered a political speech of great eloquence to the members of both houses of Congress, it seemed for a moment that things had been put straight. The general reminded the politicians that though speedy rearmament is of great importance to the American and the Allied peoples, even more important is the heart that men put into the joint effort to ensure peace. The politicians should have known all the things that Eisenhower told them, for politicians are the technicians of peace just as generals are the technicians of war.

But somehow the minds of those who act and speak for the people seem to be hypnotized by the expectation and the techniques of war—particularly sea-air war. Most of our politicians are straining their own, and their speech-writers', wits in an attempt to reach, fast, the strategic conception that will represent the 1951 version of Clausewitz, Mahan, and Douhet all combined. They seem to have little doubt that Armageddon is coming, or that the decision as to Armageddon-Day is completely up to the enemy. They are so exhausted by their feverish war planning that they have little energy left to think of how Armageddon can be averted—and none to consider what can be done after it is over.

This is just as it was during the last war—only much worse. At that time, Roosevelt, one of the most superb politicians our nation has ever had, turned from a social reformer into an embattled strategist. His genius for improvisation, his disregard for precedent, made him ruthless whenever he thought victory could be furthered by expediency. Like that other politician-strategist, Churchill, he did not hesitate to recognize as a full ally and trusted friend any government the enemy had attacked or was likely to attack. He gave unprecedented freedom of action and of political decision to his generals, for the only thing that really mattered to him was a speedy and thorough defeat of the enemy. The postwar era—the era of peace—was to start with the dissolution of the compact that made each enemy people a nation: unconditional surrender.

Only a great democratic leader like Roosevelt could reach such a sweeping conception, in which war and its absolute goal—the suspension of the enemy's statehood—became ends in themselves. It's horribly hard for a democracy to brace itself for anything less than total war—particularly a war against a totalitarian revolution.

In the present emergency, not even six years after Roosevelt's death, there is no one in our world who can rally the free people as he did, but his inheritance, his attitude toward war and peace, has been adopted by a very large number of the nation's leaders, and particularly by those who were his bitterest opponents before and during the war. His improvisations have become standard rules for the men who hated him most. Any contemporary version of Darlan who can bring divisions to our side is welcome to our embattled politicians. Many of those who denounced Yalta are now for the strangest Yaltas with the strangest allies, whose strength is more redoubtable in U.S. lobbies than in the field.

Many of our friends may think that the war-mindedness of some of our leaders is an evidence of their warmongering. Actually, it is an evidence of their meekness and their unpreparedness for the facts of war—particularly a coalition war. The enemy probably knows all this, but our friends are dismayed, and it will take a very great effort to convince them that our politicians' debate on strategy is only a passing phase in their education for politics beyond the state or the national level. They are memorizing aloud the ABC's of strategy, with quite a few boners and personal variations.

The time has come when another debate must start—a debate on peace; on what our nation can do to cement the coalition which aims not at the conquest of Russia, as Mr. Hoover and the Kremlin seem to think, but at peace; and on the basic rock-bottom standards of human decency and welfare we and all our allies must meet to give our side insuperable moral strength.

This time, expediency is bad politics.

—Max Ascoli

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Limited War with China?

I. The Exposed Arteries

The author of this article, a former U.S. Army officer who witnessed both the fighting between the Chinese Nationalists and the Japanese and between the Nationalists and the Communists, writes as a military theorist examining the possibilities in the event of hostilities with China, rather than as an advocate of such hostilities.

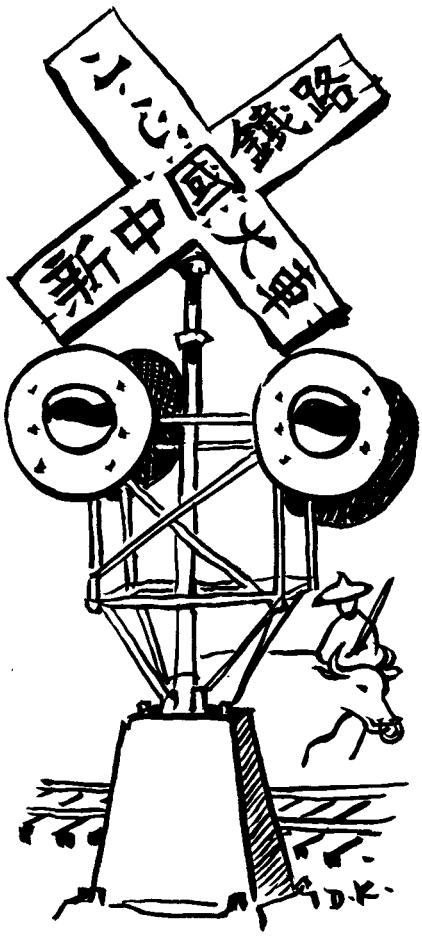
Another article, with a very different viewpoint on the subject, begins on page 9.

Armies have swept back and forth across China for as long as most Americans can remember, and as the battle lines have changed, so have American views about China's military power. Admiration for Chiang Kai-shek's resistance to Japan in the late 1930's and early 1940's changed to disgust at his government's venality and shortsightedness; contempt for the once small and disorganized Chinese Communist armies has now changed to unreasoning awe.

The estimate that today rates China an almost invulnerable military objective is based on three principal propositions: first, that the Japanese were unable to defeat Chiang's Central Government during nearly ten years of war when China received negligible outside aid; second, that the West has neither the men nor material to overcome China's distances and resources of manpower; and finally, that Korea demonstrates the unsoundness of western military ventures in the Far East.

As to the first of these propositions: Japan certainly did not conquer China in the sense of subjugating the entire country, but *at no time after the Japanese invasion was the Central Government able to govern the nation even in the loose and nominal sense that it had before.* Although it was to the Communists that China finally fell, it was the Japanese possession of the vital means of communication that permitted the Communists and the local autonomous groups that finally threw in with them to grow and flourish in a divided country.

The war with Japan demonstrated again what had been long ago recognized in China by the Manchus, what in fact Chiang himself had recognized in his tacit acceptance of the Japanese successes in Manchuria and the neighboring Chinese provinces—that no Chinese government can hope to maintain itself when faced by an enemy power that possesses the capability of seizing or denying to that government the important lines of communication.



In Europe, the battles of Verdun and Stalingrad illustrated the staggering value that general staffs assign to communications centers. In China, though communications are no less vital, the reason for their importance is a different one.

Outside the urban centers, China is composed of small, self-supporting units, ranging in size from the widely separated walled farms of west China to the populous *hsien* of the coastal provinces. The *hsien* is roughly analogous to an American township or county. The important fact is that the *hsien,* by itself or with neighboring *hsien* within a few miles, is a self-sufficient economic unit. Food, tools, fuel, and the materials for shelter are all produced within the *hsien.*

The same factor that has led to survival of these economically independent units in the twentieth century has led also to a lack of centralized political control. That factor is the absence of any modern means of communication except a few railway lines.

Without exception, resistance to Chiang's government was centered in areas and provinces removed from the through railway routes linking the populous coastal centers of Kuomintang power. Szechwan Province, where during the war the governor permitted Chiang Kai-shek to set up his capital in Chungking, while keeping all Kuomintang functionaries out of Chengtu, the provincial capital city, had (and apparently still has) only a *projected* railroad. Shensi Province, where Chiang was held captive by "Young Marshal" Chang Hsueh-liang in 1936 and where the Communists made their capital at Yenan following the "Long March" of retreat, has no

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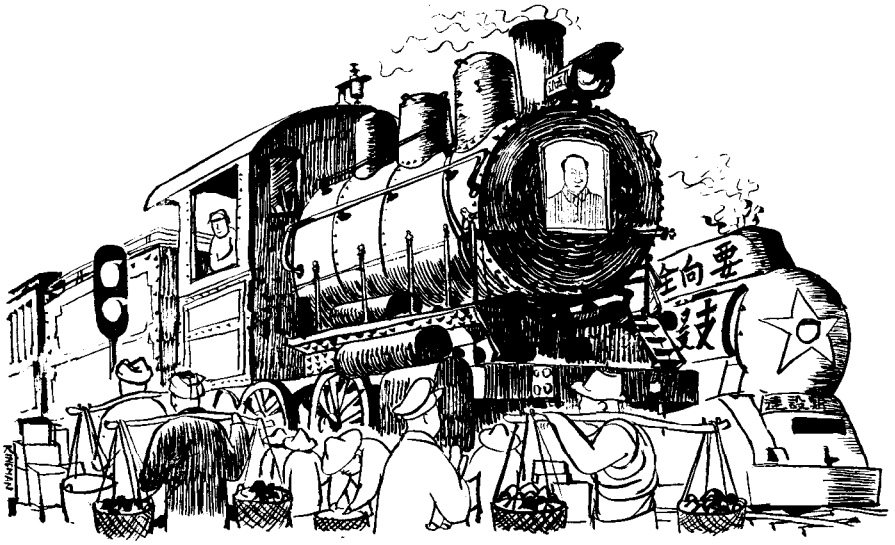

rail route of importance west of Sian, the capital. Yunnan, in which the governor, Lung Yen, maintained his own private army throughout the war and in which Chiang was distinctly *persona non grata,* is linked by rail only to Indo-China.

China is and always has been a land of strongly local sentiment, bound together by a common culture and a common *written* language, but no common spoken tongue. If individualistic and revolutionary forces are to be contained, any national government must have the ability to move rapidly to quell separatism.

Actually, Japanese domination of China never existed beyond the cities or away from the railway lines. After the Second World War the thousands of blockhouses, the entrenchments, and the barbed wire paralleling the roadbeds, together with the armored trains gathered at every important junction and division point, gave the observer more convincing evidence of the limited areas of Japanese control than all the stories of guerrilla exploits. But the important thing was that Japanese possession of these corridors denied their use to the Central Government.

Japan never completely destroyed China's armies, nor was the country itself conquered, but the forces released and nurtured by the Japanese-caused impotence of the Central Government destroyed that government just as completely as Japanese victory would have.

"But," it may be argued, "granting the importance of these rail lines, can the Chinese Communist government be defeated only by an operation as long and costly as the Japanese invasion?" The answer is "No."

Japan had as its goal the careful consolidation and integration of China into the so-called Greater East Asia Co-Prosperity Sphere. As each intermediate military objective was taken, the economic forces of Japan were moved in to exploit the gain. An inescapable concomitant to realizing the Japanese goal was the need for employing and dispersing many more military forces than would ever have been committed had Japan's objective been merely the defeat of the Nationalist Government.

The difference between the Japanese invasion of China and an attack aimed at destroying the present régime may be likened to the tactical difference between the employment of infantry and of artillery. Infantry on the offensive has the role of seizing and holding terrain objectives. Artillery can neither seize nor hold ground; it may neutralize, destroy, or harass, and above all it may deny the enemy the use of terrain within his lines. It is this latter mission—interdiction—which would be feasible, at minimum cost, in China: denial to the Peking régime of the communications vital to its existence.

With modern weapons, it is possible today to repeat in China what General Sherman accomplished in the Confederacy in 1864. Sherman's mission was primarily to destroy Southern warmaking capabilities by destroying the communications and industries of the South. In the course of his mission he defeated and destroyed enemy armies. Though this could not be directly accomplished by attacks on Chinese lines of communication, there is in China today a factor that did not exist in the Confederacy—the potentiality of releasing destructive political forces.

For some twenty-five years the Chinese Communists existed without any appreciable industry or commerce. Their goal was the weakening of the economic basis supporting the Nationalists. It was they who, in 1945, immediately moved to seize and destroy the rail lines to aggravate the serious economic situation in which the Japanese war had left the Central Government. Now it is they who are dependent on maintaining the support of the people.

Before analyzing the other arguments against an attack on China, the proposed method of attack will be outlined. The remaining factors must be examined in the light of that method.

The denial to the Chinese Communists of the vital lines of rail communication and the industrial cities could be accomplished by air, naval, and ground forces without committing sufficient force to weaken the attackers elsewhere. The political objective to be realized would not be the complete and immediate destruction of the Communist government, but its weakening and containment, and quite possibly its neutralization.

Something already has been said of the fewness of the rail lines which constitute China's only real communications. There are in China and Manchuria approximately ten thousand miles of railroad, somewhat less than the total number of route miles operated by the New York Central System. China is larger than the United States, and we have 225,000 miles of railroad.

In Manchuria there are two principal lines, the Chinese Eastern and the South Manchurian. In north China there are two north-south lines, the Ping-Han from Peking to Hankow and the Tsin-Pu from Tientsin to Pukow, the latter city being across the Yangtze from Nanking and connected thereto by car ferry. These two lines are linked north of the Yellow River by the Lunghai line and again farther north by a line from Tehsien in Shan-

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tung to Yangku, the capital of Shensi. From Tsinan on the Tsin-Pu line the Chow-Tsi line runs east to Tsingtao. South of the Yangtze there is the line from Hankow to Canton which at Changsha is linked to a route running east to Nanchang and to Hangchow and ultimately to Shanghai. At Hengyang the Hankow-Canton line connects with railway to Liuchow from which latter city routes run to Kweichow Province and to the Indo-China border, this latter line having been only recently completed—if it exists.

With the exception of a few narrow-gauge routes in outlying provinces, *the preceding paragraph details the entire Chinese railway system.* In the same space it would be impossible even to describe the rail system radiating from St. Louis. Not only are these China's principal rail lines, but properly speaking, there are no alternate routes.

There are no long-distance, hard-surfaced highways in China. If there were, it would make little difference because there is almost no motor transport. If there were both roads and transport, it would still make little difference because there would be no motor fuel sufficient to support motor transportation in the event of attack. For centuries, water transportation was the tie binding the east-coast provinces together. The Yun Ho, or Grand Canal, has for years been useless. If it now has been rebuilt by the Communists it could not, even without air attack, supplant the Tsin-Pu railroad line, which almost parallels its entire length from Peking to the Yangtze. The Yun Ho is China's only north-south inland waterway. North-south coastal shipping could not effectively function in a war with a naval and air power. The Yangtze is the only major artery of communication that could not be readily cut without considerable effort, but air attack would limit its usefulness by destroying shipping on it.

It must be stated that this is no proposal for *seizure* of Chinese communications. It is a plan for disruption and destruction of communications resulting in denial of their use to the Communist government. If a plan like this one were adopted, it would have to be emphasized to the world that we did not intend to conquer China, but to neutralize its government as a participant in the scheme of world Communist domination. If such attacks opened the way for the rise of dissident forces or permitted resurgent Nationalists to gain a foothold on the mainland, that would be the risk Mao's government has taken. The attackers would need make no promise to any such native elements and so commit themselves to the conquest of China, but the Communists would not fail to recognize that such attacks could not but aid the forces opposing them.

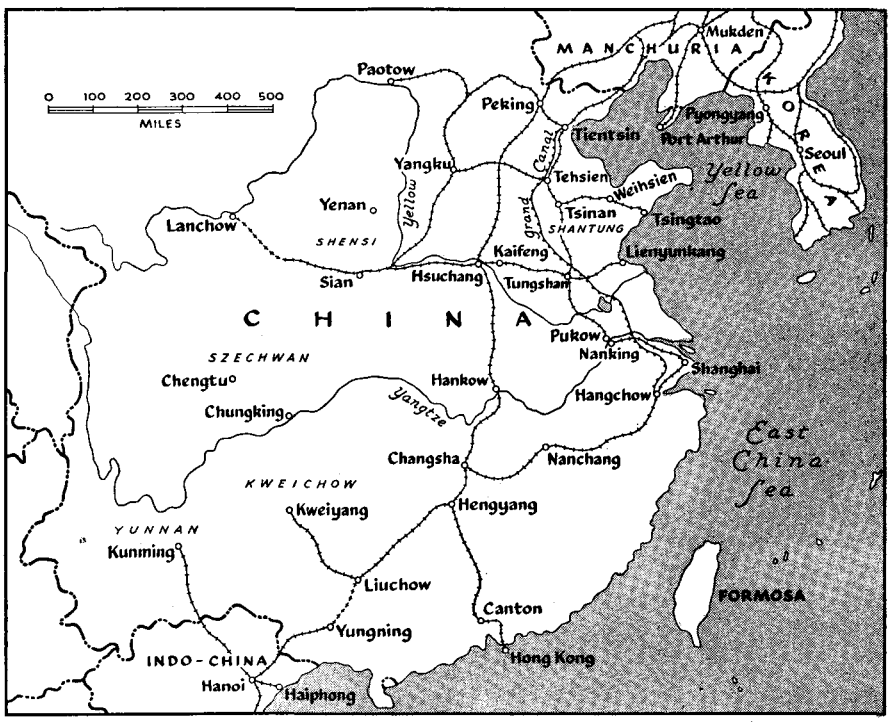
Following this plan, attacks on China would have to take two forms, both particularly unsuited to China's means of defense. One would be an unremitting air offensive on industrial, mining, and railroad centers. The other would be a series of landings or raids necessitating repeated movement of Chinese troops around the threatened points. Tactically, the two series of attacks would have to be conducted independently; strategically they would be coordinated.

Although the over-all strategic plan would in the final phase call for both types of attack simultaneously, the initial phase would consist solely of aerial attacks on the most vital communications centers. Places like Mukden and Harbin in Manchuria, and Hankow, Nanking, Hsuchang, and Tsinan elsewhere, offer logical targets not only because they are junction points on vital lines but also because concentrated in them are commercial and industrial activities, wire and radio communications installations, and government offices.

Primarily these attacks would be directed toward a weakening of the economic and political structure of the country by forcing all communication to depend on weak and inadequate road and water transport. Industries would not only be attacked and damaged, but also would be cut off from sources of raw materials and outlets for finished goods, producing inevitable unrest among workers.

Just as destruction of rail centers would hamper Communist leaders in moving troops to combat local uprisings, so would they be hampered in moving troops to meet foreign enemies. We would have it within our capabilities to strike at any point on the Chinese coast either by amphibious or amphibious-and-paratroop attack. Preliminary air attacks on communications centers would decrease the mobility of troops that could be concentrated to repel landings.

The landings themselves could ex-



Starworth

China: railroads and communications centers

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ploit further weaknesses. China lacks coast-defense artillery. In a coastal attack naval vessels would be able to stand out of range and pound both Chinese infantry and artillery. Tactical aircraft could deepen and intensify the zone of fire in which Red infantry would have to operate. Our capabilities in supporting infantry by naval gun and tactical air were demonstrated

in the evacuation of northeast Korea during December, 1950. There we were faced by a numerically overwhelming force, but apparently it was nearly powerless to interfere with the embarkation. Imagine, then, the plight of a Chinese army commander faced with the task of repelling a surprise landing. First, because of destroyed communications, he would have to plan on moving his troops by foot. Second, he would have no artillery or aircraft adequate to the task of supporting his infantry once it had arrived at the beachhead. And third, his lack of means of rapid transportation, air power, and artillery would mean that he could not hope to pin invading troops to the ground that had been taken. Thus we would be able to withdraw at will from one point and attack another. Only if the attackers were to attempt ambitious excursions inland would they be fully exposed to Chinese strength.

But the attacking troops would not have to go far from the sea to hasten the paralysis of the Chinese government. Canton, Hangchow, Shanghai, Tsingtao, and Tientsin are all important rail centers and seaports. The seizure of any one of them would leave a long stretch of railway line dangling like a severed tentacle.

The attacking troops would follow tactics which have been employed many times in our own past—those of Forrest, Stuart, and Jackson. Not only would rail centers be damaged beyond hope of repair by China's rudimentary industries, but the population of the cities would be thrust upon the countryside—and the government.

At all times the attacks would conform to a plan of destruction and harassment—not invasion or conquest. There would be no American-imposed civil government to be protected and supplied, and on which Chinese discontent and resentment could be focused. There would be no complex rear-area headquarters, and no sprawling depots to guard and maintain. Before Chinese resistance had been built up to the point where we could not withdraw without great loss, we would take to our ships and attack at another point, putting the defenders again to the task of concentrating their troops to meet us. On a more systematic scale our scheme would be that used by the Communists themselves against the Japanese and against the Nationalists. On a larger scale it would be a repetition of the methods used by us against the Moros and by the British against the tribes of the North-West Frontier.

Now that the character of the proposed campaign has been outlined, it is time to consider the applicability of our experience in Korea. It has been emphasized that the objective in China would in no sense be that of complete conquest. Contrast Korea. U.N. intervention there had as its essential objective the preservation of the authority and the territorial integrity of the Republic of Korea. Later we drove to the Manchurian border in order to destroy the North Korean Army. In each case we exposed our military weaknesses rather than our strengths.

It was not thought expedient to employ American forces as armies were used in Caesar's, Charles XII's, or Napoleon's days. Then armies moved in concentrated formations. In order to reinforce the South Korean forces most effectively and to preserve them as far as possible, our units were initially broken down and dispersed, and given the mission of holding widely separated points. Again in the fall, even though American troops were operating under true division and corps control, they were spread over much too wide a front for sound offensive military operations.

To a civilian, who may most commonly have heard of a division as a unit of armed strength, it may seem that the word is hardly more than a measure for manpower. Such a description is no more apt than one that would treat an automobile as a unit for measuring steel. Like an automobile, a division has definite functions and capabilities. If the components of a division are separated and dispersed, it can no more function as the military unit it is than three thousand pounds of unassembled auto parts can function as a vehicle.

The point is that any operation against the Chinese homeland must utilize our forces in the integrated units which they actually are. The entire fabric of interlocking fires, which is the essence of a modern military unit, must be maintained intact. There would be no need, as there was in Korea, to attempt to put iron into the souls of retreating allies. There would be no grand terrain objectives, no plan of defense or occupation requiring dispersal of our forces whatever the military risk.

The example of Korea is, of course, bound up with the oft-repeated statements about the terrifying force of Asia's manpower. It is said that Korea demonstrates that we cannot hope to prevail against the sheer weight of numbers. No more insulting estimate of our potential could be made. For at least the twenty-four hundred years since the Battle of Marathon the soldier of a free nation has been considered a match for many times his number of men like the underfed and illiterate Chinese peasant. —JAMES COLWELL

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Limited War with China?

II. The Unreachable Backbone

Because I was living in China through most of the period of Japanese invasion, I am not familiar with all the twists and turns of American news and opinion about that phase of Chinese history. Now that the United States may be drifting toward a limited war in China, though, it is disturbing to find how many Americans do not know, or have forgotten, that for several years of their invasion the Japanese waged a limited war in China not greatly different from the kind in which the United States might become entangled. The Japanese had a number of advantages that America could not expect at present, but their experiment was not a success.

For the first two years of invasion—1937 and 1938—the Japanese did stage an all-out attack on China. To their earlier conquests in Manchuria they quickly added the major cities and railway corridors of north China, the large cities and most navigable rivers of the Yangtze Valley as far inland as Hankow, plus the key ports of the south China coast. Then, on almost all fronts, they halted. Their conquered territory included the richer and more modernized parts of China, and they evidently felt that the mountainous and primitive hinterland was not worth occupying. From 1938 until they were defeated in the Pacific in 1945, their Chinese war was usually limited to the same kinds of attack that it has been suggested we could launch against China.

Except for the 1944 campaign against the American air bases in south China and a few others, Japanese ground operations after 1938 were confined to local invasions or raids, aiming simply at disruption and destruction, followed by planned withdrawals. These were in the pattern of the American raids that have been suggested as steps for us to take along the China coast.

Starting in 1938, when there were few tactical uses for planes in China, the Japanese also employed strategic aerial bombardment incessantly, until 1942 when the appearance of American fighter planes over China and the increased demand for Japanese planes in the Pacific forced them to stop. The Japanese clamped a land and sea blockade on China in 1938. Although there were always some gaps in this—the Indo-China railway until 1940, the Burma Road until 1942, later the Hump airlift, and a certain amount of smuggling between occupied and unoccupied territory—free China's usual channels for military and industrial imports remained closed until Japan's surrender in 1945.

Probably the Japanese always intended to revert to all-out conquest later, eventually turning China into a colony. In their years of limited war, however, they were so busy elsewhere that their aim seemed simply to keep free China too weak to be an inconvenience to them. No doubt they hoped they might push the country so close to collapse that they could neutralize or assimilate it without committing the armies a military conquest demanded.

Illustrations by the author

Among the Japanese advantages for limited war, the greatest was the immense base the Imperial forces had conquered on the mainland of China during the first two years of invasion, incomparably better as a staging area for attack than the islands America would have to use now. Furthermore, Japan had been so fully mobilized that even after the Pacific war began it was able to assign more men to the China front than America could now spare without total mobilization.

Because more Chinese had been educated in Japan than all other foreign countries put together, Japan had an unusually large group of Chinese among whom to recruit sympathizers and collaborators. The greatest movement of Chinese students to Japan had taken place in the first twenty years of this century, and many Japanese-educated Chinese had had time to work into high posts in the Kuomintang government and armies.

For decades, tens of thousands of Japanese merchants and other businessmen had lived and traveled in China, usually learning the language and becoming more familiar with the country than was customary for Americans or Europeans.

These circumstances helped Japan's military-intelligence agencies, which apparently began a systematic study of China many years before the actual invasion. By the time the Japanese began their experiments with limited war, their knowledge of China's complex conditions—including the economic and political factors so important in this kind of conflict—was obviously enormous. The timing of their local

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excursions, their choice of bombing targets, their use of the smuggling trade to manipulate prices and markets in unoccupied territory, and their exploitation of Chinese political rivalries repeatedly showed how thorough their information was and how astutely they could act on it.

Japan's limited war did a great deal of damage in China and caused a huge amount of suffering. The local invasions produced such havoc and destroyed the morale of many local Kuomintang forces so completely that in the later years of war the Japanese met virtually no resistance; some invasions turned into plain burning, looting, raping, and murdering missions against the civil populace. Meanwhile, aerial bombardment devastated sections of most large unoccupied cities. During the clear summer months of frequent air raids, the periods of alert would interfere with the daytime business of whole provinces for weeks at a time.

Since the Kuomintang always clung to the idea of a defense centered around the more elaborate weapons—cannons, tanks, planes—which had to be imported, the Japanese blockade put a serious crimp in its military plans. The blockade also hastened the sequence of economic ills—scarcities of manufactured goods, inflation, hoarding, official monopolies, and corruption—that undermined the government's popular standing.

From about 1941 on, the Kuomintang was in such a precarious state that if the Japanese had decided to take all China they could probably have destroyed—or assimilated—the government without too much difficulty. But their limited war was still a failure because at no time between 1938 and 1945 was it likely that the Japanese could have turned China into a technically friendly country, or even into a neutral, without occupying all of it and stationing garrisons almost as large as would be needed in a colony. Despite their troubles, most Chinese were not demoralized, prostrate, and waiting to surrender. Trouble was an accepted part of their lives, and they simply did not want to take orders from hated invaders.

Perhaps the chief reason for China's imperviousness to a limited war was its "backwardness," or primitiveness. The small but terrible Japanese invasions of front-line territory, for example, did not disturb the whole nation as similar events might in a country with modern communications, where words from newspapers and radios shadow all daily life. Moreover, as the Kuomintang also suppressed the most alarming news, most Chinese were able to save their nervous strength.

Bombardment of the average city of the interior would not disrupt normal life for long, because the town had no elaborate electric, gas, water, or transit systems to get out of order. It had little or no modern, centralized industry—easy to find from the air—whose destruction would seriously upset its economy. It did not depend on supplies brought from a distance, so it could not be starved by attacks on its communications. Most provincial cities were built on very old sites, in valleys or on plains with a local surplus of food and a good supply of fuel and water. Filling much of their need for commodities through their own small handicraft industries—hard for the bombers to find—these towns were remarkably independent and invulnerable. Many of them were so small that all their people could get out of town when an air raid threatened.

In a country where most communities are so self-contained, air attacks on the few trunk railways and roads could not do much harm. The precious trucks and railway cars were dispersed and hidden at the first warning of a raid. And these ground communications were so crude and sketchy even at their best that bomb damage could be patched up quickly. In a thickly populated land there was always plenty of manual labor to fill in the craters in a dirt road, or build a light wooden trestle above the ruins of a steel bridge. Most of the freight traffic of the interior still moved in the tens of thousands of peasant carts and wheelbarrows, or in the countless wooden junks and sampans on the rivers. These made very poor targets for air attack, being too many, too scattered, and too unimportant individually.

The blockade helped speed the inflation, but as most Chinese in the interior used few imports, except for such nonessentials as flashlights, bicycles, or toiletries, the loss of foreign trade could not strangle the country. Currency prices for everything bought and sold went higher and higher, but most Chinese continued to eat, dress, and live much as they always had.

In its effect on the bulk of unoccupied territory, Japan's limited war was a worry and an annoyance rather than a catastrophe. That was why it was a self-defeating project. It constantly reminded Chinese that Japan was a country to be hated and resisted, but it did not damage their morale enough to make them want to give up.

Japan's limited war actually helped at the time to preserve the Chinese

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government the Japanese hoped to destroy or assimilate. There had been a great deal of popular discontent with the Kuomintang before the Japanese invasion, but in 1937 and 1938, the years of all-out attack, this was replaced by a general feeling that the government had to be supported against the foreign invaders. As long as the Japanese continued to apply the pressure of limited war, the sentiment survived. As the pressure relaxed, particularly after 1942 when the air raids —the most conspicuous and hateful instrument of this war—tapered off, discontent came to the surface again in pro-Japanese or pro-Communist talk and a trend toward regional separatism.

Japan's limited war failed especially as a campaign against Communism, for it was in the years between 1938 and 1945 that the Chinese Communists gained the strength that later enabled them to take over the whole country. This was partly because the Japanese drove the Kuomintang government into the deep interior, leaving many country districts in northern and eastern China—behind and between the Japanese-controlled communications—open to Communist expansion. The Communists promptly seized the opportunity, and by organizing the villagers against local Japanese invasions began to gain popular support rapidly. Since the Communists operated in areas much closer to the Japanese lines than most Kuomintang territory, and apparently were more of a nuisance to the invaders than the Kuomintang forces were, they began to gain sympathy and prestige among many anti-Japanese Chinese outside Communist territory.

If America did get into a limited war with Communist China, our air attacks would probably be heavier than any the Japanese attempted against the Kuomintang. Since our targets would include the industrialized coastal cities and more modern communications which the Japanese once held, our raids could be very destructive. Some of these cities—Shanghai and Tientsin especially—are as dependent on modern utilities and on supplies brought from a distance as any American or European metropolis, and could be reduced to a shambles in a few weeks of bombing.

But even the utter destruction of these great cities, and the railways between them, could not remove them from Chinese use any more completely than did Japanese occupation. Short of invading China, there would be no way of preventing the Chinese Communist government from retreating to the interior and continuing to function as the Kuomintang once did.

In much the same way, our blockade could do more damage at first than the Japanese one, because it would be aimed against the modernized, formerly Japanese-occupied, towns whose economy involves foreign trade. But once these cities had withered away, the Communists would face no worse economic problems than the Kuomintang once survived.

American or American-backed Kuomintang commando raids on the China coast would probably have much the same results as the Japanese local invasions. They could cause a great deal of trouble in the localities attacked, but unless they were followed up by operations on a scale that would mean the policy of limited war had been abandoned, they would not disturb the rest of the country seriously. They would not be likely to have a fatal effect on national morale, since the Communists control news as rigorously as the Kuomintang did.

But the big questions, of course, center around the long-range effects an American limited war might have on the Chinese people and the Communist government. Would it help make the people so dissatisfied with Communist rule, and weaken the government so much, that China might be neutralized or assimilated into the anti-Cominform camp? Or would it tend to mobilize the people into more willing support of the Communists, giving them a better opportunity to stabilize their control of the country?

Judging from precedent, the second possibility seems more likely, at least for the first several years of a limited war. There is certainly widespread Chinese dissatisfaction with Communist rule at present, but it is very questionable whether an American attack would increase it. Racial solidarity and pride have always been strong in China, and the Communists now have a firm grip on the news and propaganda approaches to the minds of the Chinese public. In the emotional atmosphere of a country under attack, the American case for extending war into China would probably not be appreciated by any influential number of Chinese.

If America should intervene in China more strongly than the Japanese, occupying a large enough stretch of Chinese territory to provide a base for a Chinese government that could offer the Chinese people a choice between Communism and something else, the story might be different. But that would hardly be limited war.

—Graham Peck

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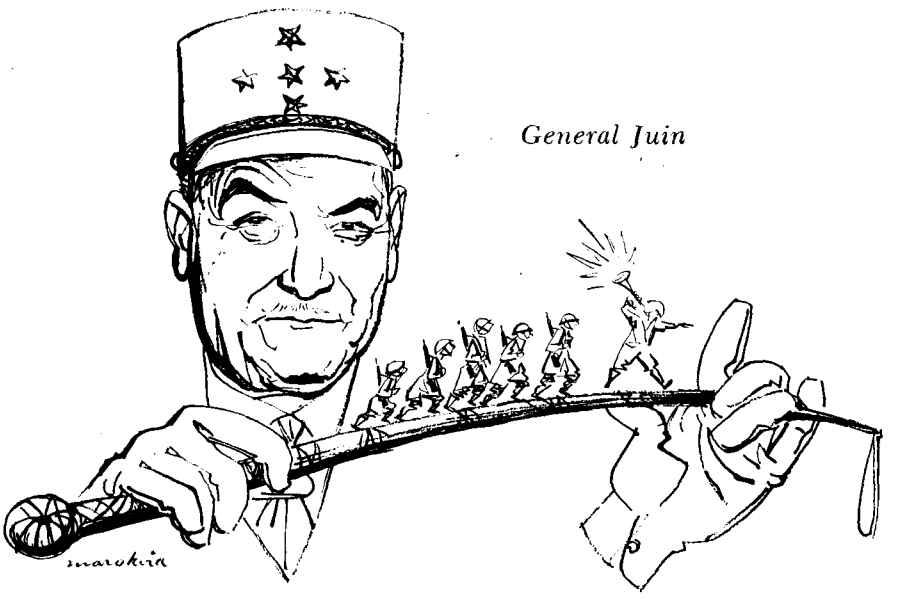
Needed: A New French Army



General Juin

General Eisenhower began and ended his European inspection trip in France; he spent more time in France than in any other country; he will set up permanent headquarters in France.

France has top priority in Eisenhower's planning for two reasons:

First, if General Eisenhower is to have forty divisions on the European continent by 1953, twenty will probably be French. The French contribution will be double that of any other single nation.

Second, Eisenhower's strategy—at least under present circumstances—must be based almost entirely on the defense of French territory. This necessity arises because of the increasing uncertainty that Germany can be rearmed and an equal uncertainty as to the political future of Germany itself. Until two months ago all strategic plans were based on the Elbe as the first line of defense; the generals still hope that a stand may be made on the Elbe, but the line they can count on is the Rhine.

For these, among other reasons, the central military problem is that of the French Army and its command.

At the moment the entire striking force of the French Army is in Indo-China. Only four modern divisions are available on the continent; the lines of command are lost in committee; and decision on a joint supply and equipment program with France's allies has not been reached.

In the last few weeks the Communist press, from Moscow to Paris, has started a new campaign accusing France of using Chiang's Nationalist troops in the Viet Nam war. *Pravda* has published documents "proving"—to its own satisfaction if no one else's—that France and the United States are training Nationalist troops in Indo-China for an invasion of Communist China. In Paris this campaign is considered a possible prelude to direct intervention by Mao Tse-tung. In its anxiety to avoid giving any pretext for intervention, the French government has let Chiang know, on at least two occasions, that France was not at all interested in his offer to grant diplomatic recognition to Bao Dai. Meanwhile France is compelled to keep an expeditionary force of 166,000 men in Indo-China. This force includes about half the French Army's officers and two-thirds of its noncommissioned officers. And now General de Lattre de Tassigny is asking for reinforcements.

The second problem is that of the High Command. The French Army had lost its unity by the end of the war. There were Juin's army, de Lattre's army, Giraud's army, Koenig's army, Leclerc's army, and others. There was no French Army under the orders of a supreme commander.

To create a new French Army the first task was to appoint a commander. There were only two men possessing both the rank and the authority needed—de Lattre de Tassigny and Alphonse-Pierre Juin. De Lattre, although extremely capable and even brilliant in the field, is not a great administrator. The only choice was Juin.

General Juin has been given full powers to command and reorganize the French military establishment. He will control the appointment of all high officers and will also be Eisenhower's assistant. But his presence is badly needed in Morocco, where he has a political crisis on his hands and where he is considered the only administrator capable of protecting French interests.

To be head of the French Army, assistant to Eisenhower, and administrator in a troubled Morocco is perhaps too wide a responsibility for one man; perhaps the problem of the high command has still not been settled.

The third problem is the Atlantic rearmament program. France cannot begin rebuilding its army and setting its war industries in motion until a program for standardization of armament and organization has been established. There has been an immense amount of talk about this, but very little has been decided.

Under the circumstances, the French rearmament program has to wait. It is impossible to reconvert factories or even to stockpile raw materials until basic decisions have been taken at the NATO level. General Eisenhower has announced that his plans will not be ready for two or three months.

Technically speaking, this delay is not a matter of great concern. But at the political level it may bring serious consequences. By spring, the German problem and the projected meeting of Britain, France, the United States, and the U.S.S.R. will certainly have intensified the atmosphere of indecision. Finally, French elections will be held toward the end of the summer. Campaigning will start in the spring. It would be very advisable for the government to have a settled program before the campaigning begins.

—JEAN-JACQUES SERVAN SCHREIBER

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The Army's Manpower Problem: Slicing the 'Division Slice'

The recurring manpower shortages of the Second World War were largely forgotten in the months that followed the great victories of 1945. Few remembered that a few months earlier, at the time of the Battle of the Bulge, Army Specialized Training Program students, Air Force cadets, and surplus anti-aircraft artillerymen had suddenly found themselves in the line carrying rifles.

Complete victory was not conducive to critical appraisal of the uses that had been made of tens of thousands of soldiers in the rear echelons who had never squeezed a rifle trigger or fed a shell into a mortar muzzle in combat. Every soldier knew that it was in these ranks that real manpower savings could be achieved, but the Army, intent on designing for its postwar forces the most powerful infantry and armored divisions in history, paid little attention to the supply and service units needed.

It wasn't until 1947, and then on a small scale, that logistical exercises began to reveal what it would take to support the combat divisions the Pentagon had developed. The latest such exercise, held only a few months before the Korean War broke out, set up a theoretical problem involving a field army of 300,000 men (of which 70,000 were supply and administrative troops) in an overseas theater, and allotted a logistical command of 97,500 service troops to support it. Thus almost forty-two per cent of the total strength of this theoretical force was engaged in supplying and servicing the combat troops. In the European Theater of Operations, from the time of the Normandy invasion to the end of the war, service troops made up about thirty-one per cent of the total strength. If an increase of ten or more per cent of service troops is typical of the Army's new requirements, it is plain that the manpower problems of another all-out war will not be easy.

Of course, if and when the manpower barrel became empty the Army could and would adjust itself to the situation. In a way, the problem of an all-out war is much simpler than the present situation. For the present, and perhaps for a generation or more, Secretary Marshall and General Bradley have said, the Army must maintain twenty-five or more divisions in a state of combat readiness. This poses a totally new problem for the Army. Since 1776, it has been accustomed to alternate feasts and famines, but the middle way, when the Army lives com-

fortably without deprivation or waste, is something else.

The question is not whether the Army can make itself so efficient that even an auditor would approve, but how it is going to maintain a force of twenty to twenty-five combat divisions and necessary supporting forces in a constant state of readiness within a budget that is ample but cannot and should not be unlimited.

Staff officers poring over tables of organization, equipment, and allowances can point the way to many savings, but the task is primarily one of command, and as much a matter of attitude and approach as it is of figures and facts. Secretary Marshall and General Bradley have shown that they understand the problem, but there is some question about how far down that understanding has percolated. The only studies that have been published in the postwar period have been those of Colonel S. L. A. Marshall, a reserve officer and writer, who has shown how our vaunted mobility of the Second World War, instead of setting our armies free of logistics, magnified logistical problems manyfold. There was a tendency to give the combat soldier everything he might possibly need, with little heed being paid either to his ability to carry it or to make use of it.

Marshall has described how the beaches and hedgerows of Normandy were littered with equipment soldiers had found unessential. Commanders and staff officers took this as a normal occurrence, and were little perturbed with the wastage or annoyed that the soldiers had been overburdened under fire.

That attitude still exists. Not long ago in the Pentagon a general whose work is connected with such problems observed that he didn't think it was anything to fret about. "What the soldier uses is the best test of what he needs," he observed philosophically, voicing an outlook that would result in complete abdication of command responsibility and a shifting to the common soldier and his junior officers not only the digging and shooting and bleeding and dying which are their duty but the determination of policy, which is not. The subtle task of keeping the Army truly mobile and in fight-

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ing trim will require keener minds than the general's.

In the higher staff levels, arriving at the exact proportions of combat to service troops in any given command is known as determining the "division slice."

A recent staff paper, while observing that "it is not clear what useful result is achieved" by establishing an Army-wide slice, does so, stating that this is usually broken down into four components: the combat divisions themselves; combat units that support divisions; service units on the line of communications; and personnel in the United States. The first two groups, which contain all of the fighting units, "normally will exceed fifty per cent of the over-all total." Some mobilization plans call for combat troops to be as high as sixty-four per cent, which exceeds average Second World War experience by ten per cent.

Disregarding the large number of troops engaged in training and other activities in the United States, the Army has prepared this table, which shows the proportion of combat to service troops in a "large, typical" theater of operations.

	Combat Troops	Army Zone Slice	Theater Slice
Second World War division	13,500	27,000	41,000
Today's division	18,000	36,000	50,000
Per cent increase	33	33	22

Taking its Second World War experience tables and comparing them with present figures, the Army has determined that while the number of troops in a typical theater required to support one infantry division has increased twenty-two per cent, the actual strength of the division has increased thirty-three per cent and its firepower fifty per cent.

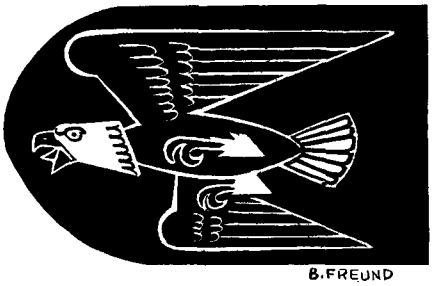
In the Second World War such units as anti-aircraft, tank-destroyer, and tank battalions were not an organic part of the infantry division. It was held that such units had limited day-to-day usefulness to a division commander and therefore they should be controlled by corps headquarters for use where and when needed. But it became the practice in Europe to assign these battalions to divisions on an almost permanent basis, and many officers became convinced that these "spare parts" should be affixed to the division team.

Thus it is difficult to determine whether the advertised fifty per cent increase in firepower is an actual increase over the total firepower of the Second World War division plus its normal attached units, or is largely a paper figure. The actual increase could only be found by experts armed with organization charts and tables and possessing a knowledge of how much firepower has been added by the development of new weapons such as hand-held, recoil-less artillery and the heavy bazooka.

Our divisions in Korea today are based on the new tables, but in midsummer of 1950 none of them was at full strength or had all of its organic units. The Army has been pressed to provide replacements in Korea, and whether any missing spare-parts outfits have been formed depends on whether they have been vitally needed in the Far East.

In any event, the division is likely to stand as it is at least until the lessons of Korea are evaluated. No one would willingly take away a single man, gun, tank, or jeep that the fighting forces say they need, and so such savings as are to be made in manpower or equipment will have to come out of the thirty-three per cent of the troops that serve in supporting roles in the Army zone and theater.

These supporting services constitute



a vast and diffuse group of specialized units. It is hard to say how much fat there is in this sprawling military organism. Many of the functions our Army provides for are the products of our American culture and aspirations, and no comparable activities can be found in most foreign armies.

The mission of these forces can be divided into two principal jobs: One is to serve the combat soldier and the other to serve the weapons and machines he uses.

The first job requires quartermasters to feed and clothe him; engineers to house him if he's living in a barracks; doctors, nurses, and medical technicians to take care of him when he's sick or wounded; chaplains to give him the values and consolations of religion; veterinarians to grade his meat; postal units to deliver his mail; finance officers to pay him; adjutants to keep his records; inspectors general who are supposed to see that he gets a fair shake; military police to keep him law-abiding; lawyers to see that he gets justice; public-information officers to help publicize him and his unit; special-service officers to bring him recreational activities; information and education officers to give him the larger concept of national and world affairs; and graves-registration units to identify and bury his body if he dies on the battlefield.

The agencies that supply him with weapons and machines and help him keep them in operating condition are almost as numerous. Ordnance issues him his weapons, ammunition, and vehicles. The engineers build his bridges, repair his roads, and perform half a hundred other functions. The Signal Corps provides him with communications equipment of astonishing variety.

This list, extensive as it is, is by no means complete. In the first six days of the invasion of Normandy, 260,000 men were put ashore. They represented well over 750 separate units, less than fifty of which were units whose principal job was to fight the Germans. The rest ranged from Engineer General Service Regiments to language-interpretation teams, pigeon companies, and laundry units.

Obviously, many of the services have no function except to keep the soldier happy and reasonably content with his lot. If morale could otherwise be sustained (there are some who maintain that real leadership would do the trick) the Army could dispense with the recreational activities of special services, forget its troop I. & E. programs, send its public-information officers back to Hollywood and Madison Avenue, and—to be extreme—abolish the Army postal service and tell the soldier he will be paid when the war

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was over. Of course, neither the Administration nor Congress would long survive such a callous disregard of human values, but there is a real question as to how extensive many of these projects should be. Perhaps the most susceptible are the special and information services, which in the Second World War published magazines, newspapers, guidebooks, and inspirational pamphlets, operated radio stations and movie theaters, organized tours, and sponsored the appearances of baseball teams, vaudeville acts, radio celebrities, and actresses. All these activities were aimed at bucking up the morale of the soldier. But whence did the most vocal criticism of these activities come? Not from the taxpayer, nor from the politician, nor from the commander. The critics, for the most part, were the front-line fighting men who rarely had a chance to abandon their foxholes long enough to see a Hollywood starlet.

The combat soldier is certainly entitled to his opinion, and there is truth in it. It was no accident that the scarred and worn combat units consistently had higher morale and discipline than rear-area units. The cynicism of the combat man was seldom directed at his job or his fellows. Practically all of his scorn and bitterness was reserved for the rear-area soldier. The cynicism of the bored rear-area soldier, on the other hand, was directed at himself, his job and his fellows. It led to self pity, discontent and, in extreme cases, corruption and desertion. Colonel Marshall has written of the vicious circle:

". . . Special Services was brought in to relieve these men from boredom. But to make that possible came more troops, more supply, more vehicles to move the supply, more crews to maintain the vehicles—and still more men to get bored."

The Soviet Army, it is commonly believed, has a much smaller "slice" than our own. There are obvious reasons for this belief, but the difference may be more apparent than real. No one needs to be told that the Russians have little use for special services, chaplains (although probably the number of political officers more than equals that of our clergymen in uniform), elaborate medical facilities, and many of our other personal services.

A Russian soldier gets little training before joining a combat unit, and he serves in the Army for a longer period than our soldiers. This not only reduces the percentage of men in training at any given time, but also permits the nation to get more service out of each man per day trained. The Russians make use of forced civilian labor, which is not counted in their "slice." They designate combat support and line-of-communications units as combat divisions, which tosses a monkey wrench into the calculations of amateur logisticians. Their anti-aircraft artillery is partly manned by civilians and is not counted in Army strength. Finally, their combat divisions are actually smaller than the usually published figure of 10,000 officers and men. Some American military men hold that the Russian infantry division averages about 8,000 men, with some divisions as low as 7,000.

While we Americans have a tendency to overestimate the power of an enemy when we are not winning, we also have a tendency to belittle a force that lacks our mechanized power. By our standards the Soviet Army's supply services are grossly inadequate, clumsy, inefficient, and a full generation or more behind ours. American officers have pointed out that it was during the last war that Red Army logisticians adopted the practice of delivering supplies to divisional zones. Before that the divisions had had to send back to depots for their supplies. The new method, which had been normal in western armies for many years, seemed so revolutionary that many Red Army officers remain convinced that it was invented by Stalin.

Crude as Soviet logistical planning and operation appear by American standards, it is dangerous to discount the ability of the Soviet forces to survive this handicap. In case of war, though, it may be a very vulnerable spot in the Soviet military machine.

The big mistake critics of American logistical methods make is in comparing it to Soviet practice. Some of these critics almost reach the point of saying that our Army would be more efficient if it discarded the products of Detroit, Pittsburgh, and Schenectady and became a muscle-powered army, using farmers' oxen to pull artillery and scrounging food where it could.

The thing these critics forget is that, although our extreme mechanization has increased our manpower problems, it has given us the hardest-hitting force, division for division, that the world has ever seen. And although the total of Russian divisions looks impressive in the newspapers, the Russian definition of that unit is as different from ours as the Russian definition of "democracy" is. —JOHN B. SPORE

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What Korea Is Teaching The Air Force

What is the Air Force learning from the Korean War?

The answers to this question are being examined with almost microscopic intensity ten thousand miles from Seoul—at Langley Field, Virginia, home of the Tactical Air Command. There Major General G. O. Barcus, deputy chief of TAC, and Brigadier General H. L. Sanders recently discussed new doctrines that not only breach the Air Force's old strategic-bombing dogma but also lead to an even more daring new concept of intercontinental mobility.

According to the generals, the war has taught the Air Force two important things. First, tactical methods learned the hard way in the Second World War not only still apply but are even more effective with today's weapons and matériel. Second, and perhaps more important, the gap between strategic and tactical bombing is growing rapidly indistinguishable.

TAC was reorganized twice during 1950. The first change gave the command administrative and operational control over its airmen, and set up the 9th Tactical Air Force at Pope Air Force Base in North Carolina, with orders to go on perpetual combat alert for duty in any part of the globe at any moment. This reorganization gave TAC administrative control over its units for the first time. "For example," said Sanders, "I once had a fighter group that was administered by a higher command at another station. If we needed mechanics to service aircraft and the higher command decided, say, that our lawns needed mowing, those trained mechanics cut grass."

The second reorganization made TAC a full-fledged command reporting directly to General Hoyt S. Vandenberg on the same level as the Strategic and Continental Air Commands. Korea forced the change. The mission of the tactical people includes gaining air superiority; close support of troops; interdiction of enemy supply and artillery; photoreconnaissance for Army and Air Force; delivery of men and supplies; rescue and evacuation.

Major General G. O. Barcus

"The first lesson we've learned in Korea," General Barcus said, "is that you can't 'compartmentalize'—in ex-Secretary Symington's words—tactical and strategic bombing.

"It is unsound to think of strategic targets as confined to factories and tactical targets as confined to troops or installations near the battlefront. It is unsound to consider heavy bombers as *strategic* planes, and fighters, short-range bombers, and such as being *tactical* planes. If there has to be a difference—and it is artificial—call it 'strategic and tactical employment of aviation' if you wish. It's all bombing. A good example of what I mean is General 'Rosy' O'Donnell's B-29 attack in Korea in direct support of front-line ground troops."

The biggest problem confronted by air units in Korea has proved to be close support work at night or in bad weather. "We can do interdiction at any time," Barcus explained. "Knocking out a fixed geographic target like a bridge can be done through radar and instrument bombing. But we absolutely fail today to destroy specific targets such as moving tanks in weather that restricts the pilot's vision. The human eye is still the only means to get on such targets." The Air Force now is working on devices to overcome this difficulty.

The war has also led the Air Force to several important technical conclusions: The old-type aviation air-to-ground rockets developed in the last war are almost worthless compared to the new shaped-charge missiles. However, jet fighters, including our stand-by, the Lockheed F-80, have exceeded all expectations. Bombing techniques developed in the last war with piston engines work even better with the new jets. "The piston engine, as far as we are concerned, is as dead as the dodo bird," Sanders said.

The chief objection to jets is still the one forecast ten years ago by Sir Frank Whittle, their originator: the fuel problem. Jets are fuel hogs at low altitudes, and a new method of stepping up their power, called "afterburning," makes the problem worse.

In the immediate future TAC equipment will include the Lockheed F-80 for training; the latest version of that same plane, the F-94C; the Republic F-84 fighter; and the North American B-45, a four-jet bomber.

Finally General Barcus talked about a problem that the Chinese advance in Korea had made terribly urgent: air transport and the need for increased mobility of both air and

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ground units. TAC now controls all tactical air carrier groups in the United States (that is, all military transport planes not operated by the armed forces' "airline"—the Military Air Transport Service). Air transport has played a huge part in Korea. In a full-scale atomic war, it could become even more vital if any of our beachheads and harbors abroad—logical military targets—were knocked out by atomic attack.

"Theoretically we can haul an army by air anywhere," the general said, "and supply it by air. The sole question is: Can the nation afford the expense of building and fueling the equipment?"

Perhaps the most interesting new development in the transport field is the Fairchild XC-120 "pack plane." The revolutionary feature of this craft is that its cargo hull can be unhooked from beneath the fuselage, much as a trailer can be disconnected from a truck, and then the fuselage can be flown back to a supply point as far as 700 miles away to pick up another "pod" of cargo.

A new "combat zone" transport, the Chase XC-123, can take sixty troops right up behind the front lines, land on any improvised field and return for more.

The big four-engined Douglas C-124 is the new long-range mainstay. It can transport troops and supplies, including tanks, within a combat radius of about 2,000 miles.

One airborne division—roughly 13,200 fully equipped troops—would make 412 C-124 planeloads, and the division's 140 M-24 medium tanks would make up 140 more loads. One infantry regiment—3,000 to 5,000 men—plus its medium tanks, can be flown 2,000 miles in 256 C-124 planeloads.

Today the bulk of our modern military transport equipment is, as might be expected, in Korean service. According to Generals Sanders and Barcus, "a large number" of additional C-124s are now on order. They declined to specify how many of the other types they expected to get. With the experience of the last war and the Berlin Airlift behind them, the TAC generals are confident that they could carry and support a full army to an "airhead" at any point on the globe.

—ALBERT DOUGLAS

At Home & Abroad

The H-Bomb's First Victims

In the valley of the red, sluggish Savannah River, it was, until recently, hard to believe that tomorrow could bring anything but some accustomed event—the arrival of a new litter to a hunting bitch, the burst of the first boll of cotton, or simply another day of bleaching heat.

When the Atomic Energy Commission announced a few months ago that in this valley it was going to build the world's first plant devoted to producing materials for the hydrogen bomb, the people who live in the district to be taken over—some 1,500 families—were bewildered and angry. It was not that the government was going to make another experiment in destruction, but that their own long-successful experiment in peaceful living was brought to certain and final failure.

Choosing the site from a hundred they had studied, AEC engineers and surveyors could not have known that they were putting the plant down in a place whose residents had tacitly agreed that they would live in a deliberate isolation, resisting the blandishments of urban, industrial America.

The feeling in the valley has been that no man deserves less than the one who willingly leaves it. "No use to go gallivantin' around when we've had so many good things here," Mister Golly Dunbar was saying the other day around the stove in "the long store" at Ellenton, South Carolina. "I went away a couple of times and all I did was long to come back, back to the smell of ripe pears and the sight of hawks swoopin' through the high pines."

The man who commands a knowledge of the valley's history and of its terrain and waters is sure to stand in well with his neighbors. To know indisputably where Mister Walker lived before he lived where he lives now, to be able to guide a skiff around a submerged stump in the swamp—these have been immeasurable assets.

"I don't know any set of people who do less travelin'," said "Captain" L. B. Willis, conductor on the three-car train that makes a daily run from Augusta, Georgia, at the Savannah River's fall line, to Port Royal, South Carolina, on the sea. "They may get on in the mornin' and ride ten miles to go visitin', and then come back with me that night. They've lived along the river for generations, and they don't seem to want to be bothered."

From Ellenton, a small town in the center of the 250,000-acre tract the government is taking over, the farthest orbit of a man's movements has not heretofore been hard to fix. He might go twenty-four miles to Aiken, the county seat, to look up a deed or, in legal extremity, accuse an enemy or defend a friend, or himself, in county court. Only the wealthiest, who cannot find what they want in the long store, go twenty miles to Augusta, an astonishingly remote city of 71,500 that has

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one of the nation's highest per capita consumptions of Coca-Cola. The more usual orbit has been the open, sun-drenched square through which run the Charleston & Western Carolina tracks, with the station in the middle, the one-story brick post office on one side and Cassels's long store on the other, and beyond Cassels's the First Baptist Church.

In a worldly sense, nothing much had ever happened in Ellenton.

"I come in, build my fire, somebody comes along and talks a little, maybe about something they've read in the paper, maybe to tell me a piece of family news. I get up and look out my window and nod at this one and then at that one, and I've been doing just that for twenty-two years," says H. R. Harden, the railroad agent. "I've rejoiced with these folks, I've mourned with them, and I always thought, sitting here in the station, that I was about as safe as anybody, back in this part of the country."

Between the end of the Second World War and the beginnings of H-bomb development, Ellenton's greatest moments of excitement were those which arose out of the closing of the town's "flowing" (artesian) well. "It seemed like everybody pretty much agreed beforehand that the well was a nuisance," one citizen recalls. "But no sooner had we closed it than Golly Dunbar began to raise a rumpus in the long store. Golly claimed that his longevity was due to the waters of that well. He got a lot of people excited. He was talking about it right up to the other day."

The government's announcement, made in Washington on the morning of November 28, 1950, came without warning to Ellenton. A few small and unidentified parties of engineers had been drilling in several obscure spots around the county without arousing even the idle curiosity of the residents. The news that the plant would produce the materials that are to go into the making of the H-bomb, but not the bomb itself, and the speculation that the new project would probably include a "pile" with which to make tritium, did not impress Ellentonians as much as the fact that the government had chosen their valley and village.

For, the Atomic Energy Commission emphasized, in the Savannah Valley they could get enough room to allow dispersal of key stuctures to protect the plant against spies and saboteurs.

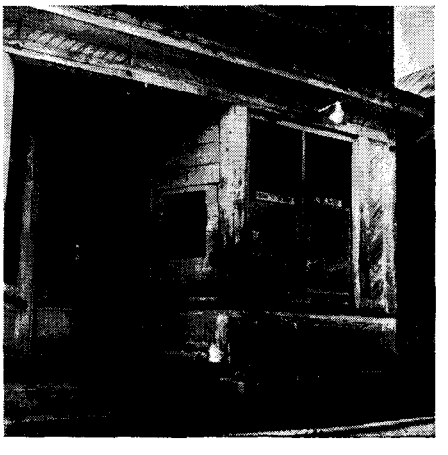
Barely had the residents of Ellenton cut off the noon broadcast of the announcement when Golly Dunbar, upon whom they have grown used to depending for much penetrating counsel, saw a flying saucer.

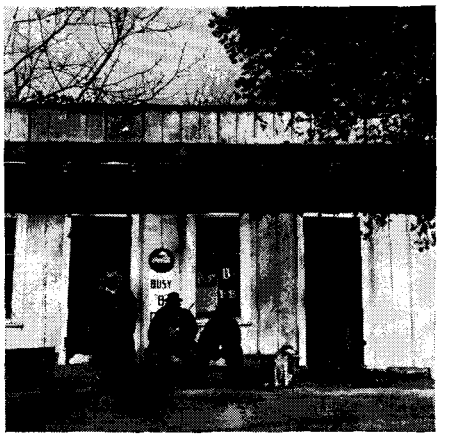
"Golly knew nobody'd believe him," a friend said, "and so he ran lickety-split down the street to get the Reverend Parkinson to stand behind him in his claim. No sirree! The Reverend would never have seen that saucer he said he saw if it weren't for Golly."

Golly rotates between the two stoves in the long store, showing a slight partiality to the rear one, in the hardware department, a somewhat more masculine area than the dry-goods-and-toy department toward the front. In the first few days after the news got around, most of Ellenton's men of consequence, those who have access to Mister Mike Cassels, pushed on, deep into the store, past Golly. At the farthest reach and recess in the rear is Mister Mike's "bull pen," a tiny, dark office where, if for no other reason than that "Mister Mike himself owns half of Ellenton," many of the town's important business transactions are jelled.

From these meetings came the earliest notes of Ellenton's bewilderment and dismay. "Everybody soon discovered," an occasional visitor to the store said, "that Mister Mike didn't know what to do, and if *he* didn't know, then there just wasn't any hope that anybody else in Ellenton could figure the thing out."

When a small vanguard of Atomic Energy Commission men called a meeting at Ellenton's school on the night of December 6, some five hundred of the valley people gathered outside, standing for nearly an hour in mixed anger, sadness, and incredulity while a cold drizzle fell on them.





There weren't enough seats, nor had any provision for a public-address system been made. One man climbed on the bumper of a car and called out for a neighbor who had amplifying equipment.

"I saw him get on Fido tonight," somebody answered from the anonymous darkness. ("Fido" is the familiar name for "Captain" Willis's train, although it is sometimes called "The Swamp Rabbit.")

That got a laugh, but not the long, sustained kind that provokes thigh-slapping in the valley people. It ended abruptly, to be followed by a nervous, angry rumble of talk.

"No, no!" said a khaki-clad man in a hunting cap, who was leaning against the tailgate of a mud-spattered pickup truck. "I haven't even been able to put my mind to hunting since this thing happened." To another questioner who sidled up the man replied, chidingly, "Now you *know* I didn't bring Luke down here tonight. He's too quick. He'd just start cussin' and fightin' and cause a big ruckus. Luke's mad!"

When the audience—half of whom were Negroes, reflecting their proportionate population in the valley—had been properly arranged inside, the first questions were tentative, feeling toward the question all hesitated to ask: Was it really true that they were going to have to get out, leave the valley?

No one asked it directly, but the answer finally came when a slim, aged

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man, dressed in his Sunday black worsted, asked:

"If your project goes down, if you folks should shut up and move away, can we get first chance to buy our land back?"

None of the officials—and among them were construction men from the E. I. duPont company and representatives of the Department of Agriculture and the Army Corps of Engineers as well as the Atomic Energy Commission—seemed ready with an answer. As the men in double-breasted suits, sitting in front, looked at each other, the people they faced strained forward, and several of the older ones turned their heads sideways and cupped their ears with their palms. At last Curtis A. Nelson, manager of the AEC's new operations office, rose.

"We came here," he said deliberately, "not just to build a war plant but to make things that can be used for peace. We plan to be with you a long time. And to be good citizens of South Carolina."

Some people, suddenly heavy with the knowledge that the worst was true, began to leave, pausing with sad resignation as they moved toward the doors to pick up fragments of information about their future as the questions went on desultorily. In the back a Negro mother who had been struggling to keep her child quiet no longer tried, and its unthrottled wails echoed through the high gymnasium.

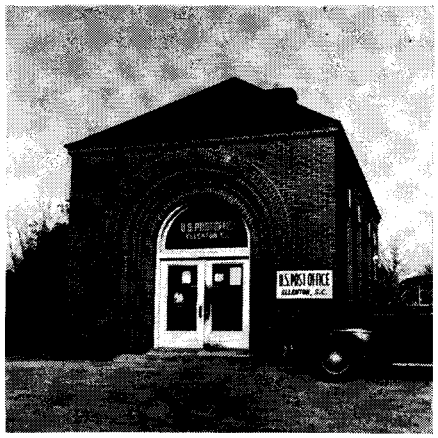
If the government was going to stay through war and peace, it was going to be fair, even humane. It had done this kind of thing before, had moved cemeteries out of the narrow valleys of the Smokies to make way for TVA. For the atomic-bomb plant at Oak Ridge it had used local labor, and it would do so in the Savannah Valley, giving highest priority to any displaced person. If a man wanted to go ahead as if nothing had happened, make preparations during the winter, plant a crop that might never be harvested, or stock his fish ponds, he might do so until the day the government's bulldozers arrived. He would be paid for his effort: The government would take into account the state of the land and the work that had been done on it. The government would even move his house out of the area for him.

This winter has been an unusually cold one along the Savannah, frost day after day where a freeze is unusual, allowing time for endless indoor discussions and for the people to come to a clearer estimate of their real worth, to realize that what they will lose is not property that the government can pay for but a way of life that they probably will not be able to replace.

At the Leigh Banana Crate Company, Ellenton's only industry, in an office lined with slats from the crates the company makes, Vester Smith, plant superintendent, sat on a recent morning talking with friends.

"I don't know what I'm gonna do," said Smith, a tall, husky man with broad shoulders and surprisingly small blue eyes. "I never expected to go anyplace else. Where else could I get up in the morning and in thirty minutes be fishing in one of the best holes in the world?

"What am I gonna do with my dogs? Why, take the eight of them together and they're worth some real money. I was offered $150 for two of the poorest just a couple of weeks ago. There must be four or five hundred dogs as good as mine around here. Wait a minute," Smith said suddenly, turning to his desk where he began to write on a scratch pad.



"Three hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars!" he exclaimed when he looked up a few minutes later. "That's what I figure it at, if you took all the hunting dogs, all the rifles and shotguns, all those good cypress-bottomed fishing boats that nobody but folks around here know how to make anyway, and all the fishing tackle. That's for 1,500 families, figuring every man has a shotgun and a dog and a boat, a reel, and some tackle.

"Now," he went on, looking sternly around him, "how is the government gonna pay us back for all that? Where else can we get the use of it that we've been getting around here? What I mean is, where is the government gonna find us swamps like these to hunt and fish in, another Boggy Gut, another Bailey's Pond, another Dead River, another Two and Two Hole, another Bent Lake?

"I was thinking this morning about us people around here, how we're used to getting lost in the swamps, and how we guide ourselves out by fixing the sound of the mill whistle, or by our friends coming to look for us and hollering us out. We're lost now, friends going off in every which direction and the mill whistle falling silent.

"About my best hope is to stick with the company," Smith concluded wistfully. "They've got to be on a red river someplace for the cheap lumber, and where there's a red river there's bound to be good hunting and fishing."

Out of the indifferent land that stretches back from the swamp, some of the valley's residents have been exacting a living in ways that cannot be duplicated.

Mose Alexander, a florid general-store owner at the small settlement of Bush, South Carolina, within the government's tract, is typical. When the news arrived, Alexander had just finished a new home built out of his earnings not from just the store but also from a sawmill and a farm.

"The store's the least thing," he said. "I don't want to spend any time on it. I won't put a heater in for fear people will sit around, and I'll have to stay there. I work out at the sawmill, watch the store, and when maybe two or three people are in it, plus maybe a drummer, I come on in and wait on 'em.

"I've just been making it, just had it worked out how to make a living out of this poor land. A little farming, a little sawmilling, and a little storekeeping. I don't know how or where I'll work it out again."

Not all the valley people have been dissatisfied with the land. "I know I'm not going to find another farm like I got," said Lonnie Robinson, one of the thirty-odd Negro landowners in the area. "I've been living good for eighteen or twenty years on my place. I've got eight children and thirteen grand-

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children, ten of us on the place now. I hate to leave. But I've studied over it, worried over it, and I guess there's no help that we can do. My wife's the main one. She's old and always been right where she is. She says she'd just as soon die as leave the place." Robinson himself, who is looking for another farm, says he would rather die than become a sharecropper.

Nearly three thousand other Negroes who have been living in the tract are less fortunate than Robinson, who will have either the credit or the money—when the government pays him for his present holding—with which to buy a new farm when he finds it. Their life has been crimped into a vestigial pattern of paternal discrimination more rigid than can be found anywhere in the United States except in other isolated Southern Black Belt areas. Their tenant houses, though improved here and there in the last two decades, are still shelters of the kind that would have served for slaves.

"Nobody can say what will happen to *them*," said T. A. Hammond, Negro county agent. "Since this thing happened, fifteen or twenty different counties around have advertised, or sent requests in, for sharecroppers. I

don't know whether these people will go. They're bewildered, used to depending entirely on the white landowners. They still don't believe that they won't be loaded into a truck by somebody and moved on somewhere else. I think a lot of them will stay around here, try to get jobs in the new plant. Whatever happens, wherever they go, whatever they do, life is going to be strange for them, strange and different from what it's been around Ellenton."

"The small white farmers," said Audley H. Ward, the district farm agent, "will probably put their money in the bank and come up here to Aiken, or go to Barnwell or Augusta, and spend it off for a while. Then when they get down a little, they'll start looking for work, probably in the new plant."

Some of the younger residents of Ellenton may choose a radically different life. "A lot of fellows never came back to small towns after the war," said Marion Walton, the drugstore operator and a Navy veteran. "But I wanted to come back here where I'd be left alone. I rented this drugstore and stocked it all up and just a few months ago bought me this new fountain and cash register. Now they're secondhand as far as the government is concerned. I won't get half what I paid for them. One of the drug salesmen who comes in here says he can get me a place up the road. Maybe I'll go, maybe I won't. What's the use? I might as well go back in the Navy."

The effects of the new plant have shown themselves more quickly around the perimeter of the valley than within it. Aiken still has an unusually large and aggressive corps of real-estate agents. "These have been trying days, almost as bad as when the new-rich began coming here in the 1920's," one agent said recently. "You go out to show a house, and the man raises his price while you're showing it. And by the time you call him back and tell him your client's ready to buy, the owner has gone up again."

Between Aiken and Augusta stretches that group of textile mills and mill villages whose former aspect Erskine Caldwell described in *God's Little Acre*. A degree of prosperity, paint on the houses, and a heightened fear of trade unions are the marked changes since then.

"We've been here a hundred and five years," said Samuel Swint, president of the Graniteville Company, one of the oldest in the South. "We don't know anything except hard times and trouble. We've had pestilence, pain, and disease. This is our sixth war, and if we didn't have trouble, I wouldn't have a job."

In Augusta, Lester Moody, Chamber of Commerce secretary, has fought to bring new industry to the town for two decades, a fight that, according to a local newspaperman, "has been as much against those at home as those abroad. Moody had to take money out of his own pocket to go to Washington to get Camp Gordon here at the beginning of the last war. He fought for years to get Clark Hill Dam, the one that's going to furnish power to the new plant. And now the irony is that everybody who's being displaced and a lot who aren't have turned against him, taken it out on poor Moody." Moody himself answers all complaints with one resigned assertion: "The new plant alone is as good as about a hundred of the kind of small industries we might have brought to Augusta."

Outside the new and temporary offices of the Atomic Energy Commission in Augusta's Municipal Auditorium, the waitress at the cigar counter, who formerly served the crowds that came to the weekly wrestling matches and other local entertainments, has noticed a striking change. "I never had so many calls for matches. There's a lot of cigar smoking and big deals going on in those offices."

Back in Ellenton, some unnamed spokesman for the town put up public

notice of the local sentiment on a crude pine board just above the road sign ELLENTON on the highway.

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IT IS HARD TO UNDERSTAND WHY OUR TOWN MUST BE DESTROYED TO MAKE A BOMB THAT WILL DESTROY SOMEONE ELSE'S TOWN THAT THEY LOVE AS MUCH AS WE LOVE OURS BUT WE FEEL THAT THEY PICKED NOT JUST THE BEST SPOT IN THE U.S. BUT IN THE WORLD.

—GEORGE MCMILLAN

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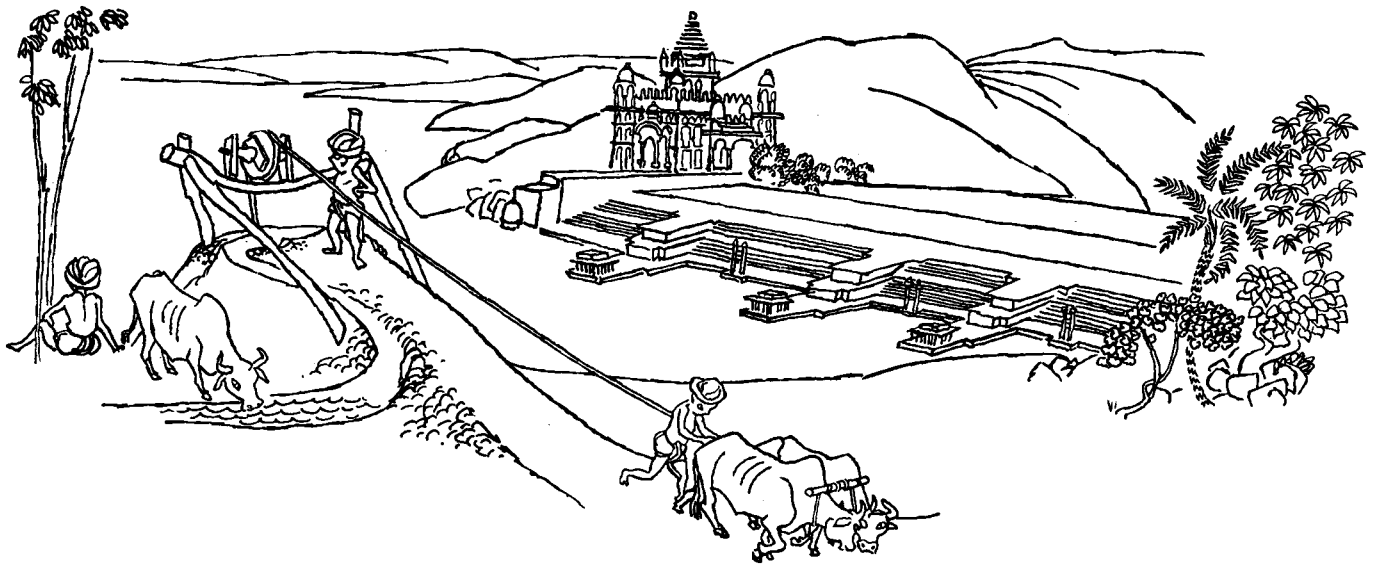

India's Submerged Majority: The Unknown Villagers

The first few villages in India I ever saw close up looked to me like excavated ruins. They were small agglomerations of uneven and crumbling mud walls. There was no living creature anywhere in sight, and no spot of any color but the dun of north India's soil.

Most Indian government workers and foreign missionaries who have tried to work in or even enter Indian villages on a friendly basis have the same story to tell: During the first day or week, or perhaps even the first year, they meet few villagers. If they do meet them, the villagers behave as though the intruder were an invisible man. They seem neither to see nor hear him. If he is an official whose questions the villagers must answer, they delight in confusing and misleading him.

The village of Fatepur, less than a mile outside the city of Lucknow in northeast India, seemed no exception to a young college-trained Indian social worker employed by India Village Services, a Presbyterian-sponsored organization, when she walked into it eight months ago. Eventually one villager offered her a drink of water and said: "Good morning." Now everyone in the village calls her Bahanji, which means "sister," and she is welcomed in every home from that of the highest-caste Brahman to that of the lowest untouchable. Her friends, no matter who they are, are accepted along with her. That is how I finally was able to enter a village, and to learn at first hand that people live, marry, bear children, and die there.

I was escorted to Fatepur by one of Bahanji's villagers. First we walked down a main road, then along a railroad track, then along a bullock-cart road through a mango grove, and finally on a footpath atop a narrow mudbank that marked the division between guava orchards. An old man, wrapped from head to foot in dusty white cotton, who sat under a pipal tree between the guava groves, did not even glance at us as we stepped around him. He was watching for marauding monkeys, which can't be killed because they are sacred, but which must still be kept from eating the guava crop.

As we rounded the corner of the windowless mud walls of what I later discovered was the untouchables' quarter on the rim of the village, we came to an open space in the center of which was a well. Several men were sitting on their haunches on the flat brick top of the well. Bahanji was standing nearby waiting for us. The men seemed to be carrying on a desultory conversation with her.

"They are talking about the weather," she said. "The clouds look as though we are going to have the first rain of the winter season today. That will be good for their potato crop."

Moving away from the group of men, we walked up a narrow lane between the houses. The lane was muddy, for it was both a path and a village sewer, and we had to pick our way. We came soon to a knot of women squatting on the hard-packed mud floor of a porch, at one end of which was a small clay cookstove. This was a combination kitchen and living room. It had no furniture. The women squatted to cook, to gossip, and to feed their babies.

"Bahanji!" they called. "What do you think the village council will do about Lakshmi?"

Lakshmi, I learned, was a fifteen-year-old girl of the Lodh caste. Somewhere in the fields, or when she was helping to chase off the monkeys and

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the sacred bulls from the guava grove, Lakshmi had met a boy from a neighboring village, who was of the Pasi caste. Now Lakshmi wanted to marry the Pasi boy, which was a serious breach of caste laws. The Pasis, like the Lodhs, I was told, were farmers. But the Lodhs were a much higher caste. The Pasis weren't exactly untouchable, but they were very close to it. Not even Bahanji could tell me why. It was one of the many facts that I learned to accept without question, for that was the way the people in Fatepur accepted them.

This was the most urgent matter before the village council, or panchayat (which means "council of five"), and the men had said that the panchayat would surely have a meeting that night if it didn't rain. The women said that of course the panchayat would rule that Lakshmi could not marry the Pasi, but would agree to find her a suitable husband. It would be something of a task, for delegates would have to take time from their fields to visit other villages to find out about the eligible boys. No Fatepur girl ever married within her own village.

Furthermore, said a woman who was feeding her baby under her sari, the panchayat would have to work fast, for Lakshmi was getting old. The woman herself had been married when she was six, and brought to Fatepur to her husband's home when she was eleven. Most girls should be married by the time they were thirteen or fourteen anyhow, she said. Otherwise they would get out of hand.

Another thing the women wanted to discuss with Bahanji was the disappearance of Bahla's wife. It had happened three weeks before, but it was still news in Fatepur. She had gone off one day, while Bahla was in his potato field, and had taken all the family jewelry and money with her. Of course no one knew how much that was. She had never worn as many silver arm and ankle bracelets and toe rings as some of the women did, but that didn't mean that she hadn't had them buried under the mud floor of the house somewhere. And though Bahla's walls had not been washed with cow-dung paint for some time and were beginning to crumble, that indicated nothing about his savings. A wise man didn't advertise what he had. Bahla had simply said that his wife had taken everything.

She was a hard-working woman, they said, always feeding the cattle or working in the fields. She always obeyed her husband and bowed her head submissively when she did his bidding. That was as it should be. But Bahla was hot-tempered. He had beaten her. After their only two children had died last year, when the smallpox took eighty-two of the children in Fatepur's 167 households, he had beaten her more than usual.

No one questioned where she had gone. Where else could a woman go but to her own village, to her parents' house? They only hoped the parents would let her stay until Bahla promised to reform.

These were the subjects the women talked about as we squatted on our heels, brushing off the swarms of flies that settled on us like locusts on a grainfield. In courtyard after courtyard, the women worked as we talked. Some chopped up dried chili peppers.

Some swept their porches and courtyards with long bundles of sticks tied together. Some polished to a high sheen the brass plates and bowls from which their families ate, using as a cleanser dry dirt they scraped up with their hands from the courtyard.

There was sickness to talk about, too. Children lay apathetic and wasted, letting the flies settle on their eyelids and lips and noses without even a whimper, and no one knew what to do about them except to propitiate the gods. Bahanji's notes to the clinic in Lucknow might or might not be heeded.

Then there was the woman who had died from the cobra bite. That was a strange thing. It had been a religious festival day, and the members of the dead woman's family had been worshiping a cobra that had been living in their house. After the prayers, the woman had gone into the dark room where the cobra was, to pick up a basket of dry sticks she had left in there, and had touched the cobra instead. But she wouldn't tell anyone what had happened for fear she would anger the god and his wrath would strike her husband and children. Four hours later she had died. The others all knew it had been the snake. But they admired her loyalty, even though they might have applied a homemade remedy for snake bite if she had told them.

As we went into one home after another, Bahanji was able to build up for me something of a picture of the organization of the community.

At the edge of the village were the houses of its one washerman, its one midwife, several cobblers and tanners, and a number of masons (of the cobbler caste) who worked as day laborers on the roads and in the nearby city. These were the untouchables—twenty households of them. For generations their families had been washermen, cobblers, midwives. But even though they were all untouchables, cobblers' daughters married only the sons of cobblers in other villages—never those of washermen. It had always been this way. It was still this way.

These twenty families had their own well. If they drew water from another well in the village, they polluted it for the caste Hindus. Yet one of them washed the clothes for villagers of the

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higher castes, one of them made their shoes, and one of them delivered their children.

Bahanji tried to explain to me about the midwife. Childbirth is considered a very unclean process, she said. The mother is put as far away as possible from the others in her family, on rags and torn quilts that can be thrown away afterward. Often she is not even warm enough. For the first six days after the baby is born, mother and child must lie in the old rags, with meager food and little attention.

"But don't women who have been through this themselves sometimes protest—or at least slip some comforts to the mother secretly?" I asked.

"Not usually," said Bahanji. "Usually they say, 'I lived through it, and so did my child. You will live through it too.' "

"And if one or the other or both don't live through it?"

"It is fate."

The five Brahman families live on the highest knoll in the village. They are the village's aristocracy. When we visited one family the father was sitting cross-legged on his front porch chopping up fodder for the cattle. He wore a pair of spectacles on his nose —the first spectacles I had seen in Fatepur.

He could read, Bahanji told me, and was the only man in the village who subscribed to a newspaper. Every Brahman father passed the Brahman legacy of literacy on to his sons, and very often to his daughters as well, for theirs was the family that performed the village's religious ceremonies, read to the villagers from the Vedic scriptures, acted as the village priests, and were the village sages. If villagers wanted to know something of what was happening in the outside world, what the new government in New Delhi might be doing for them, or what the landlord-abolition bill meant, they could ask the Brahman families and get some sort of an answer.

A large number of village children had gathered at our heels, and each wanted to guide us to his own house. As we were leaving the Brahman knoll a Brahman woman shouted angrily after us from her doorway. A child near me stopped as though she were in a nightmare and couldn't move. She began to tremble. Bahanji calmed her.

"This is the cobbler's child," she explained to me. "The Brahman lady is very angry because the cobbler's child has polluted her house."

These were the highest and the lowest. Between them were all the other families in Fatepur—in some six or seven caste layers, each with stringent social rules, each with inherited economic tasks, an inherited reward.

Only three things in Fatepur seemed to have changed since India became independent.

One was the way the untouchables were paid. These twenty families were the first to think of an independent India as having anything to do with them. "That," said Bahanji, "was because Gandhi and the Congress Party talked so much about the rights of the untouchables."

Fatepur's twenty untouchable families held a meeting shortly after the new government was formed in New Delhi. They decided that they would no longer work, as they traditionally had, at everyone's beck and call with payment coming only twice a year at harvest time, and then in amounts that were proportionate only to their low status in the village and not to the amount of work they did. They would from now on demand payment in cash or in grain for each job. The washerman would be paid per wash, the cobbler for each pair of sandals he made, the midwife for every baby she delivered. To enforce their decision they would all stick together, and any one of them who broke the common rule would be ostracized.

They also decided one other thing. They would no longer bury the village's dead cattle.

Since not a single household in the village had the equipment for washing its own clothes, and since none knew how to make shoes and none could or would contaminate himself to the extent of delivering babies, the rest of the villagers had to accept the untouchables' decision. Moreover, each farmer started burying his own dead cattle.

But the untouchables have gone on living in the same quarters, doing the same "unclean" work, using their own separate well (they are lucky in Fatepur to have a well and not to have to beg for their water each day of their lives), and their children are less welcome around a Brahman home than termites.

A second thing that happened was that the village's three landlords either sold their lands to those villagers with enough money to buy or turned them over to the government. This happened sooner in Fatepur than in most places, because one landlord was a Moslem and went to Pakistan, and the others were in financial difficulties. But in other places something of this sort is due to happen by law eventually—if the various provincial governments can ever get their laws formulated.

Some of the younger villagers think this is a good thing. The landlord, they say, used to order them to work for him without pay, though he punished

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them with fines if they refused. He often collected several times over, and he always charged each farmer five rupees (about one American dollar) per acre each harvest for the use of the community well for irrigation.

But some of the older villagers are not so sure that the end of the old landlords means the end of their troubles. As yet, they say, they've seen no government official or tax collector who is any different from the landlords' men. In fact he is usually the very same person, with the very same remarks to make and the very same threats. Furthermore, this new government has thought of some new ways to get money from the villagers. For example, there was the man who collected money for a co-operative seed store but couldn't tell them where the seed store was to be or when it was to be built. "I only know that I'm supposed to collect," he had said.

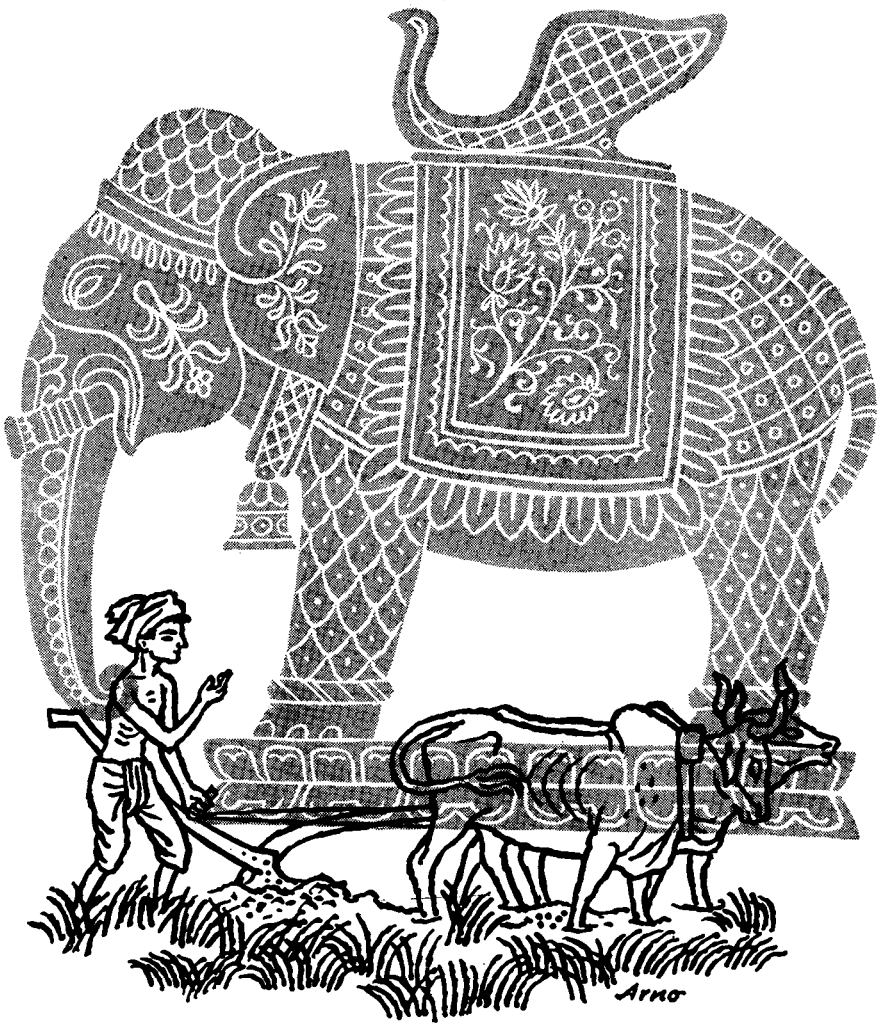
"There are always hawks hovering over us," the older villagers say.

The third change is in the village council, or panchayat. It used to be made up of the five most respected elders of the village. It was never recognized as official under the British, but in Fatepur it held court on family squabbles, marriage questions, and property disputes. What it decided was the law the villagers obeyed. Now the panchayat has become official, its decisions legal; it is supposed to have on it one untouchable, and it is elected by all the men and women in the village.

At least that is what some officials of the new government who visited Fatepur told the villagers, and so they dutifully elected a new panchayat. The elders refused to run on any such newfangled ticket, and younger men were elected.

But it all works out without any trouble, the thirty-one-year-old who is the new panchayat's youngest member explained. On most important decisions, the new panchayat calls in the five old men who served the village before. When they have made the decision, the new panchayat announces it to the villagers, saying, "This is what the elders have decided."

"That is the best way," the young man said, "because the elders have always decided for us."



Is Fatepur typical of the seven hundred thousand villages that contain eighty-five per cent of India's people?

Who knows? A few persistent souls like Bahanji, and some of the idealists among the government workers, have broken through the walls of suspicion and isolation behind which the villager has hidden for centuries, like a field mouse frightened of all the animals about him including the other field mice. A few facts about India's villages have been gathered. A few services have been offered both by representatives of the government and of humanitarian agencies.

But the villager still hides. The founders of the India Village Services, Dr. and Mrs. William Wiser, have translated the villagers' feelings this way in a book called *Behind Mud Walls:*

"Our forefathers hid themselves from a covetous world behind mud walls. We do the same . . . . We do not trust the outside world and we are suspicious of each other. Our lives are oppressed by many fears. We fear the rent collector, we fear the police watchman, we fear everyone who looks as though he might claim some authority over us, we fear our creditors, we fear our patrons, we fear too much rain, we fear locusts, we fear thieves, we fear the evil spirits which threaten our children and our animals, and we fear the strength of our neighbors . . . . You and others have told us that with newer methods, we would be spared much labour. Perhaps, but we do not fear work. . . . These new ideas of more results from less labour are untried, and confusing. And how do we know but what they will leave some of us without employment? . . . There is no one outside of our own group whom we dare trust. Everyone who comes to us or to whom we go, thinks of what he can get from us . . . . We have learned bitter lessons, we and our fathers. . . . We feel safe behind the barriers of our mud walls." —Jean Lyon

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Vargas of Brazil:

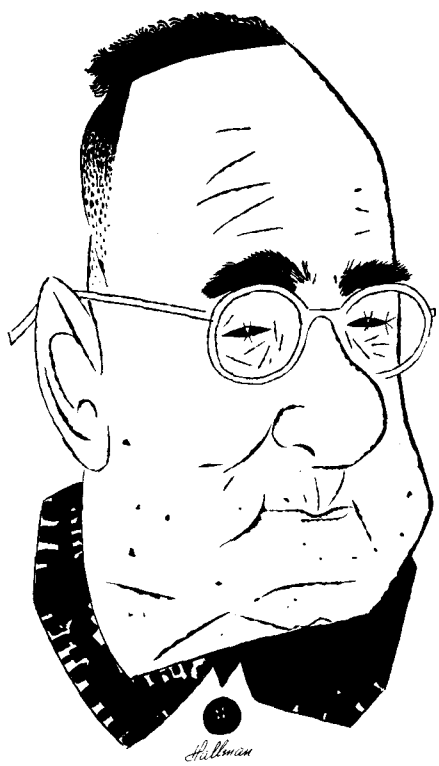
He Wouldn't Stay Dead

On March 26 the Foreign Ministers of the Americas will meet in Washington to lay plans for the defense of the Western Hemisphere. The last such emergency meeting was held in Rio de Janeiro one month after Pearl Harbor. The Foreign Ministers' host in 1942 was Getúlio Vargas. At the coming meeting Vargas, as the recently re-elected President of the largest country represented, will again control Brazil's course in an emergency and also decide the use to which the extremely strategic air bases on its "hump" will be put if the need arises.

So much will Vargas figure in plans for this hemisphere in 1951 that it would have been impossible to hold the Washington meeting before his inaugural on February 1. Yet eight months ago no one in Brazil or Washington would have thought of consulting him. No political career seems deader than that of a deposed dictator, and Vargas had been just that since October, 1945, when he was forcibly retired after fifteen years of authoritarian rule, during which he had dismissed two Brazilian Congresses, annulled two constitutions, abolished civil liberties, and imposed a censorship as tough as Hitler's or Mussolini's.

When Vargas was ousted it was by popular as well as by military request, yet last October he polled as many votes as his two major opponents together. It was a startling and unprecedented democratic victory for a man who had almost been barred from the electoral race because of his anti-democratic record.

Vargas is, by his own admission, an ordinary Brazilian citizen: a sixty-seven-year-old landowner, lawyer, and politician, the third son of a frontier rancher and army officer from Rio Grande do Sul, the southern cattle state often called Brazil's Texas. He once shrugged off a suggestion that he draw up his family tree with the remark, "In Brazil, you're apt to find that one of your roots grows out of the jungle and the other out of the kitchen."



Getúlio Vargas

The only remarkable thing about Vargas's childhood was its historical background during the revolutionary 1890's, just after the Brazilian monarchy had been overthrown and the dividing line between political and military action was often tenuous. Unsuited by nature and physique to a military career, Vargas gravitated naturally to the study of law.

As a law student Vargas was an ardent disciple of the social philosophy of Auguste Comte. From Comte Vargas learned: "The social state is as perfect in each period as the coexisting condition of humanity and its environment will allow." This euphemism for "a country has the government it deserves" was, for a budding dictator, a convenient rationalization. This background may explain Vargas's refusal to impose any rigid mystique in connection with his dictatorship, his avoidance of vengeance for vengeance's sake (which earned him the paradoxical epithet "benevolent"), and his almost debonair acceptance of his ouster.

Vargas had a fairly routine career as a politician: public prosecutor in Rio Grande do Sul, state assemblyman, Federal deputy, Federal Minister of Finance, governor of his state, and, in 1930, Presidential candidate of the party (the Alliança Liberal) that he had helped to found.

Much of this unspectacular man's success can be explained by his spectacular ability in handling people. Vargas once said to an interviewer who had asked him about his enemies, "I don't know that I have any, but if I do, they would never be so hostile to me that they could not become my friends." He has often sacrificed his friends to the needs of the moment, but so impersonally that few of them have held it against him. The most extraordinary case in point is that of Luis Carlos Prestes, the Communist leader who was a wholehearted backer of the Vargas-led 1930 revolution. Five years later, Vargas, seeking to justify his demand for personal rule, cracked down on the Communists, and in particular his former colleague Prestes, who received a sentence of thirty years at hard labor. Yet when Prestes was freed in 1945 by a political-amnesty decree he led his party in demanding that elections be postponed and Getúlio be kept in power. Of course, Prestes's sup-

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port in 1945 did not prevent Vargas from repudiating him and his followers in 1950.

An even more impressive example of the Vargas technique was his handling of Brazil's green-shirted fascist party, the Integralistas. In 1937, when Vargas was about set for the coup that was to start eight years of absolute rule, the Integralistas were excellently organized, growing rapidly in number, influential, and soundly financed—in part by the German Embassy. They were not, however, popular with the mass of the people. To obtain the necessary Integralista backing without attendant publicity, Vargas simply flattered the Integralista leader, Plínio Salgado, by giving him secret advance information on his plans. Once in possession of dictatorial power, Vargas dissolved the party and made a clean sweep of its members through mass jailings and deportations.

It is characteristic of Vargas's methods that, having given the harshest possible treatment to Luis Carlos Prestes, strong leader of a weak party, he handled the fascist Plínio Salgado, weak leader of a strong party, with relative leniency, allowing him to remain technically in hiding and eventually letting him leave quietly for Portugal.

No one can tell whether Vargas's career would have been as long and colorful if he had legally won the 1930 elections. But he was defeated, under suspicious circumstances, by the retiring President's own candidate after a campaign marked by official intimidation and administrative crookedness. The October, 1930, revolution that Vargas engineered therefore had genuine popular backing, and his self-appointment as Provisional President with full authoritarian powers won almost immediate U.S. recognition.

When elections were held in 1932 for an Assembly to draft another constitution (after further violence had forced Vargas's hand), Vargas was careful not to influence either the elections or the Assembly's work—he has always known when to sit back and wait. In return, the Assembly nominated him President to serve a four-year term—without, however, the power to succeed himself.

Some of the Assembly's reasons for nominating Vargas in 1934 were substantially the same as those of the voters for electing him in 1950. Vargas, after 1930, had shaken Brazil out of the torpor of a petty republican bureaucracy overlaid with monarchial paternalism. While still Provisional President, Vargas bluntly told a gathering of workers: "Revolutions cannot stand still and admire themselves . . . they must realize their conquests and enlarge them until they are consolidated."

He lost no time in strengthening the loose-jointed Brazilian confederacy of semi-autonomous states, which were disrupting the country's economy with throat-cutting interstate tariffs. His New State decreed relatively advanced laws covering child labor, labor tribunals, pensions, accident compensation, and even unions of a sort. He reorganized the outmoded judiciary system and penal code, and emancipated the country from the one-crop economy that tied its prosperity to world coffee prices.

But perhaps his most important contribution to an enormous, young, and sprawling country was his implemented belief that the whole of Brazil was more important than its parts. Once when a group protested his appointment of an outsider to head the government of his home state, Vargas sharply replied: "I'm a native of Rio Grande do Sul and I head the Brazilian government; there is no reason why a Brazilian should not head the government of Rio Grande do Sul."

Luis Carlos Prestes

On the other side of the ledger there is Vargas's record of open dictatorship. For eleven years there were no elections in Brazil. In 1935, within a year of his legal nomination as President, Vargas maneuvered the legislators into voting an amendment to the constitution giving him the right to declare a state of national emergency more or less at will. Two years later he annulled the 1934 constitution and suspended civil rights and freedom of the press. These supposedly temporary measures lasted eight years. During that period his Departamento de Imprensa e Propaganda controlled every written word in Brazil. Even the reporting of suicides was frowned on, as reflecting on the morals (and, presumably, the morale) of the people under Vargas's rule.

In 1945, when the wartime emergency was almost over, Vargas announced general elections in which he would not participate. But after the campaign had begun he made the mistake of backtracking and trying to postpone the elections. Within twenty-four hours he was out of a job. The Brazilian Army, fresh from fighting in Italy, had learned at first hand that democracy can win wars and had decided that Brazil was overdue for a dose of it. Underestimating this factor was Vargas's first big blunder in fifteen years.

Even if it is argued that Vargas's

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achievements balance his totalitarian record, this still does not explain his two-to-one majority at the polls in 1950. Part of his secret lies in his knowing how not to act like a dictator.

In a continent addicted to military rulers, Vargas is uncompromisingly civilian, although his father, Colonel Manuel do Nascimento Vargas, had a conspicuous military role in the overthrow of the monarchy, and the Vargas household was steeped in military tradition. Vargas looks like a typical bourgeois with academic leanings, but his personal courage is legendary: In 1938, when the Integralistas overran the palace grounds in an attempt to assassinate him, Vargas handed his daughter a machine gun, grabbed one himself, and shot it out with the intruders for five hours, until the vacillating army rallied to him.

Unlike most dictators, Vargas did not allow fifteen years of power to affect his family life. His wife, in noticeable contrast to Evita Perón, has never played any political role, and even her social role has been limited. Vargas's nearest approach to nepotism was the appointment of one of his sons-in-law as mayor of Rio de Janeiro. He also once made his roughneck brother Benjamino Federal Chief of Police, but Benjamino's tenure lasted one day: The appointment immediately preceded Vargas's downfall.

As one would expect, Vargas's personal fortune is in considerably better shape than it was when he took office in 1930, but he has never gone in for collecting old masters, ornate uniforms, or mistresses. Vargas usually spends his evenings in his own library, often viewing home movies. During his previous tenure, Vargas set up no marble monuments to himself in Brazil. His one such gesture was an edict that every public place in the country should display his photograph. This was, however, a typically shrewd political investment: It is conceivable that many Brazilians in the enormous hinterland simply voted for the man whose face hung over the grocery counter, the café bar, and the judge's bench.

It is a reassuring face, neither gaunt nor overfleshed, with an aquiline nose, firm mouth and chin, and deep-set eyes which even at the stiffest official function hold a glint of amusement.

In keeping with his public character, Vargas has never used any title save that of President, never indulged in flaming balcony oratory (he announced his audacious 1937 coup in a brief speech over the radio), or attempted to make a religion of himself. As a result he has few if any fanatic followers, and, in fact, few really close friends.

One of Vargas's most audacious and unexpected shifts was his sudden support of the Allies in 1942, although he had openly backed the Axis before and the Brazilian high command strongly urged him to remain neutral. Like all Latin Americans, Brazilians are sensitive to the point of neurosis about national honor, and they are not likely to forget that Vargas brought the country large dividends in prestige and power by his decision, not to mention considerable financial and economic returns in terms of U.S. aid.

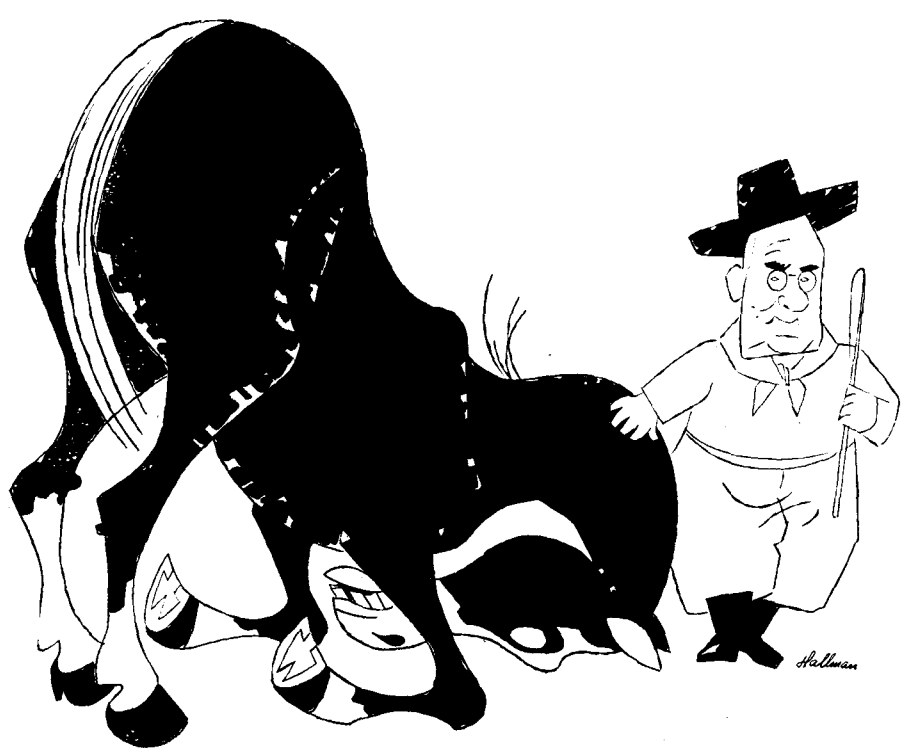
Vargas has a phenomenally acute sense of timing, and his recent candidacy was announced just after the onset of the Korean War, with its implications of another world-wide conflict. As one Brazilian said, groping for an explanation of Vargas's victory: "After all, Vargas is an *international* man. What standing did his opponents have in the rest of the world?"

There have always been good practical reasons for what Vargas has done when he has done it, though he has certainly stacked the decks at strategic moments. When he swept aside the whole legal framework of the government in 1937 to assume the dictatorship under a "state of emergency," there was certainly much unrest in the country. And though he abolished one constitution and dissolved the legislative body, he did present the country with another full-blown constitution written to order by a foremost legal light. This latter operation was one of the prettiest pieces of political skulduggery ever perpetrated, and is worth a brief description.

The New State Constitution of 1937, a long, impressively detailed, and generally unexceptionable document, included one short but vital paragraph:

"Art. 186. A state of emergency now exists throughout the nation."

As a matter of course, the state of emergency abolished all constitutional rights. Only Parliament could vote an amendment removing the state-of-emergency clause, but Parliament could not be elected until the constitution had been ratified by plebiscite, and ratification of the constitution would have automatically ratified the state-of-emergency article contained within it, which only Parliament . . . etc. It is the only known instance of a constitu-



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tion declaring itself nonexistent. As a piece of legal double talk and an instrument of power it couldn't be improved upon.

Vargas doesn't only play practical political jokes on his countrymen. His quick, wry wit is proverbial, and is perhaps the attribute which, as much as any other, appeals to the rank and file. Once, the story goes, he held a reception for a group of well-wishers and, inevitably, favor-seekers. The last in line was an old man burdened with papers who seemed about to take up the next hour with his private affairs. But he merely murmured his greetings and moved on. Attendants identified him as a harmless local character who was a little weak in the head.

"How odd," Vargas remarked thoughtfully. "Two hundred people shook hands with me this afternoon and the only one who asked no favors was mad."

Once, in a tour of the back country, Vargas and his official party found themselves surrounded by a group of villagers. An elderly beggarwoman, unimpressed by Vargas's civilian dress, asked him to point out the President.

"There he is," said Vargas, indicating a member of his military entourage, resplendent in gold braid and medals.

The old lady trotted over to the officer, hand outstretched. The officer dug into his pants pocket. After the transaction, Vargas strolled over.

"What did it cost you," he inquired sweetly, "to be Provisional President?"

Vargas is also law-abiding in his fashion, as he proved when he was once asked to make an exception to a decree.

"The gentleman knows," Vargas parried gracefully, "that I may make the law, but I won't break the law."

Getúlio Vargas has been billed, variously and confusingly, as an ultranationalist, a fascist, an anti-capitalist, and a rabble rouser. He has been all these at one time or another, and, judging by his record, it is impossible to tell what incarnation he will choose next. Since his attitude may again be of vital military importance to the United States, it is a comfort to know that at least he has repeatedly manifested two qualities that only democratic leaders can usually afford: a realistic mind and a sense of humor.

—Mireille Gaulin Gerould

U. S. Diplomacy's Top Team in Paris

"And now," a guide on an imaginary tourist bus might say, offering to mix past and present history, "we are entering the Place de la Concorde.

"The Place de la Concorde is flanked, ladies and gentlemen, on the extreme left by the American Embassy and on the extreme right by the Marshall Plan offices, there in Talleyrand's old palace. Those autos parked just there, where Marie Antoinette's head was chopped off, belong to the Americans who dominate this square.

"That newsstand beside the Hotel Crillon sells today's Herald Tribune *and yesterday's New York* Times. *The Americans have snack bars in both the Embassy on the left and the Marshall Plan building on the right.*

"In a few minutes we will drive up the Champs Elysées, circle the Arc de Triomphe, then pass General Eisenhower's temporary headquarters at the Hotel Astoria. Eisenhower's headquarters is more conspicuous, ladies and gentlemen, because of the officers' uniforms and the olive-drab trucks. But the Americans at the Place de la Concorde are more important, for they shape the policy that determines whether Eisenhower succeeds or fails. As you leave the Place, note well, this is the most important outpost in American diplomacy and these young men with the briefcases are the most important human links between the United States and Europe."

The site the guide is describing is the most vital diplomatic field headquarters the United States has ever set up. Whether by accident or design, in the past two years the State Department has succeeded in creating in Paris its first major overseas center of initiative, ideas, and policy.

Paris's importance is not simply mechanical, as seat of the Marshall Plan and a great embassy. To an immeasurable degree, Paris's present importance is due to the accidental coming together of three men who are among the most skillful practitioners of diplomacy in the twentieth-century world. They are David Bruce, U. S. Ambassador to France; Charles Bohlen, his Minister of Embassy; and Ambassador-at-Large Milton Katz, field boss of the Marshall Plan.

The three men are a handsome panel of American types. Bruce, at fifty-three, is a silver-haired, flat-stomached man, the impeccably tailored, effortlessly charming American aristocrat, Maryland model. Bohlen, at forty-six, is the handsomest of the three, powerfully framed, brown-haired, blue-eyed, his face cut in flat, chiseled planes. Katz is forty-three—lithe and wiry, short, black-eyed; he was almost boyish in appearance until last year, when his hair began to silver at the temples.

The three are now bound together by fascination with their common job, the most exciting in the world: the disposal of American power about an insecure globe. Each sees his job, perhaps, in a different light—Bruce as high adventure, Bohlen as cold dedication, Katz as a precise science. But not one would be doing anything else.

These men represent three distinct types among those who now direct American foreign policy.

David Bruce, Ambassador to France, is a man who, having had the best there is in private life, now expresses himself best in public service. Bruce has packed into his career a record that reads like Horatio Alger in the Upper Classes. In thirty-three years he has been a doughboy in one world war; a lawyer; a legislator in the Maryland House at twenty-six; a State

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Department official in Italy; a New York businessman and corporation director; President of the National Art Gallery; a country squire (four thousand acres); a Virginia legislator; O.S.S. chief in Europe during another war; Assistant Secretary of Commerce; and Marshall Plan mission chief in France. All of which now makes him equally adept at kissing French politicians at country fairs, discussing guns with generals, or talking of rolling mills with steelmen.

An ambassador divides his life among three functions. In each, Bruce has had the most remarkable record of any recent U.S. Ambassador to France.

The first is pure social routine, as necessary to persuade visiting Americans that the ambassador still remains American as to convince foreigners that America has a smiling face.

Visitors are the occupational hazard of ambassadorial life. They come in all sizes and shapes, serious and frivolous —technicians, generals, journalists, businessmen, diplomats, and plain pests. On one recent, fortunately untypical afternoon, Bruce's calendar had to expand to include all these: a Polish noblewoman who wanted a job for her cousin (a countess) at Eisenhower's headquarters; the call of an old assistant who wanted to say hello; the visit of H. J. Heinz, II, who wanted to talk about the International Chamber of Commerce; the ceremonial visit of a new American official of UNESCO; the visit of an antique but distinguished French parliamentarian who wished to tell the ambassador of his faith in Franco-American friendship; a dignitary of the Paris Polish community, who wanted the ambassador to thank the Poles of Chicago for their gift to the Paris Polish library.

The second function of the ambassador is to operate an embassy. By and large, his influence in Washington will depend on the reputation for accuracy and judgment his junior reporting officers have created at corresponding desks in the State Department. In European diplomatic gossip, the Paris Embassy, with over four hundred reporting officers, is considered the best reporting office in our Foreign Service. Bruce himself writes cables only rarely; when he does they are two- or three-page gems in remarkably easy-reading prose. But, like a managing editor, he must see and approve every important dispatch of the hundreds that go out of his shop each week. He must read the press, see half a dozen of his section chiefs a day, and keep up with the copies the diplomatic wire circuit brings him of cables going to Washington from Moscow, London, Frankfurt, Rome, and Indo-China.

The last function of the ambassador's life, for which so little time remains, is a reserve function but the crucial one. It is to be ready at moments of crisis to transmit all the strains and passions of the country he reports so that American policy will be wise. To do this he must know where and how to press home his advice in Washington. This is secret, imaginative, and intuitive work. He must analyze and describe problems before they come to a head. Ambassadors are no longer responsible simply for reporting conversations with Foreign Ministers or drafting ponderous red-sealed documents. The temper of labor unions, the mechanization of farms, the spirit of soldiers, the whole interlocked structure of a modern state must be grasped and illuminated for Washington's action. This is the new, larger view of an ambassador's function that has developed in the past twenty years; it is in this pattern that Bruce has been one of the ablest models of the new diplomat.

David Bruce, U. S. Ambassador to France

Milton Katz, field chief of the Marshall Plan, comes of that strain of men in the American government, bred by the New Deal, whose careers have been spent in elaborating the social techniques of what has been called the Roosevelt revolution.

Brooklyn-born, Harvard-trained (a classmate of Bohlen—1927), Katz has spent his days in the Byzantine complexity of modern government with but two interludes of adventure—a brief postgraduate expedition for the Pea-

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body Museum through Central Africa, and an O.S.S. wartime tour of duty in Europe.

Katz constantly walks a tightrope. As master of billions of dollars in aid, he must constantly balance true need and false claim. While always vulnerable to Congressional criticism at home as a "giver," Katz is considered by Europeans as too tough.

Katz runs his 587-man Paris office and 839-man European net with a constantly shifting technique. His continuing executive policy is under review by an executive group of departmental chiefs advising on day-to-day decisions, but for long-range policy Katz has established an inner group called the special staff.

The special staff, which is composed of his political, information, east European, economic, and military specialists, has all Europe under review. It studies not today's problems but what the problems will be tomorrow and where U.S. weakness showed yesterday. The special staff judges how ECA information can be fed directly to crucial points in the war of ideas, and criticizes all past operations not only for errors committed but opportunities missed.

The prime responsibility of the Paris office of the Marshall Plan is to be efficient in execution and fertile in ideas. In Marshall Plan history, ideas have always sprouted first in Paris, then been relayed through Washington ECA to the President and Congress for action. Under Katz, the Paris office is now probing areas never before touched by American diplomacy: the molding of European labor-union attitudes, the creation of a European currency union, the development of colonial areas, and the creation of arms and military strength.

Milton Katz, field chief for the Marshall Plan

The original Marshall Plan, it is now recognized in Paris, is dead. The peaceful Atlantic world has changed from one in which Europe desperately needed America's foods and domestic materials without being able to repay, to a military world in which this need is balanced by America's need for colonial raw materials and allied manpower. The old one-sided dependence is over, but the new relationship will go on indefinitely. To keep the union healthy, some such organ as the Marshall Plan will be part of American diplomacy, under whatever name it is given, as far into the future as one can see.

Bohlen comes of the third strain in U.S. foreign policy—the career Foreign Service officer. His record might be cited to a fledgling in the service as a perfect model.

The State Department sent him twenty years ago to the School of Oriental Languages in Paris, and then put him through a series of assignments that has carried him from Tokyo to Moscow. He speaks fluent French, German, and Russian. He has learned all the tricks of drafting, negotiation, *démarche,* and reportage.

In his present post, some see him as setting a pattern that may become custom. Once considered for the job of ambassador in Moscow, Bohlen chose the No. 2 post in Paris. Up to now, the government has usually rewarded outstanding career-service officers with the chieftainship of such minor posts as Stockholm, Belgrade, Cairo, and Bangkok, thus removing their experience from the main stream of American diplomacy.

The Bohlen appointment may be the beginning of a wiser course—the bracketing of the ablest professional diplomats as chiefs of staff to the ablest laymen drawn from civilian life to head the major embassies.

Because of his forceful personality and spectacular career, Bohlen's influence spreads far beyond the Embassy and French affairs. He probably holds in memory more diplomatic secrets and experience than any other official of the American government. He has participated in every important meeting of Russia and America from Teheran down to the latest four-power conference. He has seen, talked with, and translated Stalin more times than

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Charles Bohlen, Minister of Embassy in Paris

any other living American. With his onetime chief, George Kennan, he is one of the architects of the policy of global containment of Russia. Russia is Bohlen's greatest specialty, an obsession that has been with him ever since, as a youthful State Department observer, he watched Vishinsky operate at the Moscow treason trials of the 1930's.

In Paris, Bohlen has many supra-French functions, the most important being his shepherding of the North Atlantic alliance. Bohlen is constantly on the move—to London, to Brussels, to way-station conferences, to Washington (five times in the past year). In the little coterie of top-level men who make the North Atlantic alliance real, Bohlen is a fluid pressure constantly holding them to the brutal task of measuring up to Russian strength.

The greatest pressure on American diplomacy is the U.S. Congress, to which an American diplomat can make his final plea in only two ways: through the President via the Secretary of State, or through the impact of general public information.

Both avenues depend, above all, on the personality and influence of the individual. Here the Paris trio, individually and collectively, shine. For four or five years, Bohlen has been the most effective press-briefing officer in the State Department service. His briefings are sometimes annoyingly barren of fact but always provocative of ideas, which filter out through a score of newspapers and agencies. Bruce and Katz have won imposing respect from the press for their accessibility, lucid expositions, and trust in practicing newspapermen.

Influence on Congress through the State Department is a trickier thing, wrapped in sectarian privacy. The State Department is a congeries of ill-assorted people, many of them defending lifetime investments in one particular segment of U.S. policy. An embassy abroad must constantly provide its friends back in the State Department with all the infinite detailed data to make vivid the reality that seems so clear in the field. When crisis comes, an ambassador must swing his weight with the Secretary of State and President from the base of understanding they have built up.

The fall and winter debate between France and the United States on German rearmament shows how modern diplomacy works. The campaign for German rearmament was launched out of John McCloy's office in Frankfurt at a press luncheon in the summer, kicked onto the front pages by a McCloy press conference in Washington, and set down with tremendous noise at the Foreign Ministers' Conference in New York in September as America's prime demand—all this without any proper previous sounding of the Bonn government's, or the German public's, opinion and without any advance diplomatic notice to the French government.

The anguished French protest was taken in Washington as an automatic and shallow political reflex; the trip to America of Jules Moch, French Minister of Defense, was anticipated as the expedition of a tricky politician out to win a few domestic votes by being tough on a popular issue. The French insist that only Bruce's quick flight home and his most earnest conversations with Marshall and Acheson won an easing of Washington pressure, established Moch as a man of passionate sincerity on this issue, and saved the Pleven Government from an open break with America or collapse in its own Assembly.

With America participating in the domestic life of so many nations, with each nation of the alliance a responsibility that Americans may have to redeem in blood, the pressure on American diplomats from Congress is con-

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stantly to demand and press, to mold foreign powers to American will. Yet the facts of alliance are that America's allies are not satellites; they cannot be forced. All America can do is create a situation for a friend in which the course of action we want becomes possible.

In Paris one can see the tools of American influence changing with the tempo of history. Bruce, at the Embassy, uses the classic avenues of personal approach—weekly visits to the French Foreign Minister, friendly association with Premier Pleven and Defense Minister Moch. His exhausting round of receptions, teas, and luncheons has made him friends in every French political party except the Communist. No conceivable change of French Cabinet could bring to a major post a French Minister with whom Bruce has not had social contact.

Katz, at the Marshall Plan, has more modern avenues of influence. He has a phalanx of union men on his staff, in constant contact with unions all across Europe; his production and industrial men wield influence throughout European business. When he wants to, he can—and does—enter indirectly into European politics through his information apparatus. He can program talks to Europeans over half a dozen radio nets, meet Communist propaganda blasts with American information on twenty-four-hour notice, screen documentaries for European movie houses, and build internal pressures of opinion by using every trick of publicity from distributing comic books in Sicily to releasing propaganda balloons to be blown across eastern Europe.

Back in America, the Paris diplomats seem anonymous and faltering men. They are caught in the cross fire. They cannot satisfy *Time* magazine by pushing the French into overambitious rearmament; they cannot satisfy the CIO by making the French raise wages or build low-cost housing to wrest the workers from the Communists. In the last analysis, the allies, and above all the French, cannot be pushed further than their convictions. They can be urged to meet American objectives only if America makes a situation where these objectives become possible. And that, in turn, depends on the temper and will of Congress.

—THEODORE H. WHITE

Civil Defense On Third Avenue

The bar is a typical New York neighborhood saloon, with a good, stern Irishman serving the drinks and keeping his customers under control. Above the mirror behind the cash register are two blackthorn shillelaghs, brought from the Old Country, flanked on each side by a large color photo of a soccer player, taken about 1915, in an elaborate gilt frame. The only other picture is a photograph of the "long count" in the 1927 Dempsey-Tunney fight. Since many of the customers are Irish, a selection of Bass, Guinness, and Beamish's Stout stands to one side of the ranked bottles of whiskey. Over the window is a television set, and at the other end of the bar a moth-eaten stag's head hangs above the clock. Below it is the inescapable juke box.

During the hours from midnight to 4 A.M., little whiskey is taken by the regular customers, who range from officials of the Board of Transportation to apartment-house superintendents and workers in the city hospital on Welfare Island, for the bar is in the Yorkville district of Manhattan. A belated woman customer is the exception rather than the rule, and should one enter, the bartender, Mike, will cough and rattle glasses to signal to his regulars that the time has come to keep watch on their language.

Conversation during these hours is desultory and can be prompted by many things: a copy of the pink-covered early edition of the *Daily News*, the entrance of a customer absent for some days, or merely a chance remark. While Mike, an Irishman of the old school, is a Democrat, many of his customers are Republicans, so local politics is not looked on with favor as a subject for discussion.

Recently the matter of civil defense has come in for some comment.

"What the hell would I do in civil defense?" asks Joe, a soda jerk. "I haven't got the time, and if I had I wouldn't want to be bossed around. I had enough of that in the Army."

This opinion is pretty general, but sometimes other aspects of the question come up. On Monday, January 8, the day after the publication of Governor Dewey's plea for autocratic powers, the consensus was that the emergency had not yet reached an intensity to justify this demand for powers never granted to a President.

"Who does he think he is?" Paul, who is of Hungarian extraction, wanted to know. "Dewey Long? I wasn't set on this civil defense idea before, but this makes up my mind for me. I won't join it if I'm pushed."

"Sure" (it was Barry, who is some-

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times suspected of being a professional Irishman), "ye're right, me boy. If he was after asking me nicely, I might be considering it, but I'm damned if I'll be ordered around by any pipsqueak in Albany."

"The draft'll get me soon enough," said a young Italian currently working in the A. & P., "so there's no point in me doing anything."

The one person in the bar who had had a little experience of the civilian end of modern warfare, having served in civil defense in Great Britain, now came in for questioning: "What do you think, Limey?"

The ex-Londoner's experiences led him to agree with the do-nothing attitude of the majority. Already, throughout Manhattan, the professional joiners were coming out of hibernation and preparing to set their neighbors right about their behavior. The would-be-do-gooders and the holier-than-thous were all set to display their superiority, and their brand of patriotism, by nagging at those around them.

The Limey, recalling the London of 1939 and early 1940, the time of the Sitzkreig, was neither surprised nor disheartened. With the outbreak of war in September, 1939, a good many people with time to spare had become part-time volunteers in civil defense (known at that time as Air Raid Precautions), but the greater number of his friends and acquaintances had waited to see what would happen.

In those days Britain had also had a professional, full-time branch of the service, whose members received about twelve dollars, and served about seventy-two hours, a week. The outbreak of war had resulted in the disappearance of many of the usual jobs by which writers and painters managed to survive. The rich private pupils had fled to funkholes in the country; publishers had decided that business was becoming too risky, so there were no more manuscripts to read. The full-time civil-defense ranks were consequently filled with such people, drawing just enough money to live on and desperately trying to continue their normal activities during their off time—an ulcer-encouraging attempt.

Throughout the phony war these workers were the legitimate butts of all those who objected to their drawing a wage and apparently giving nothing in return. The part-time workers were usually superior in rank to these unfortunates, but it was the full-time staff who, among themselves, worked out many of the systems that later became invaluable.

With May, 1940, many more people joined the ranks of the full-time workers, and training became intensified. The terrible boredom that had surrounded the local ARP or Auxiliary Firemen's post vanished overnight, and attention was paid to those details of training that had been skimmed over before. At the same time there was a great influx of volunteer part-time workers, but they were men and women who had no time to interfere with the manners and habits of their fellows, but who had come along to do a job and to do it as efficiently and quickly as possible so that they could return to their normal way of life.

"But," Paul interrupted the Englishman's account, "it'll be different here. It'll just be a few atom bombs and then —where will New York be?"

This distracted the conversation for a few minutes, while it was considered whether it would be possible to launch an atomic bomb from a submarine, or to place enough of them in strategic places, by sabotage, to destroy the city.

"Hell, you'd join the civil defense and then, after being ordered around

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and wasting time, there'd be nothing left to defend."

This attitude had also been common among Londoners, particularly those who had seen the newsreels of Guernica, the Limey recalled, but experience there had proved that man was a far tougher organism than the doctors had credited him with being. Whole streets had collapsed like card houses before a sudden draft, but from the ruins a hundred people might crawl, shocked and begrimed, leaving three dead and three seriously injured. High-explosive bombing as a means of destroying a population was both expensive and inefficient. It might disorganize life, but could not annihilate it.

The Limey tried to make this clear, but it was obvious that he was speaking about an old-fashioned war, and that he was as out of date as the English bowmen of Agincourt would be against a squad of Marines with a bazooka.

It was a Pennsylvania Dutchman, an electrician, who made the only constructive suggestion. "They ought to get hold of a lot of men and pay them, and train them just like the cops. Then they'd know what to do, and they should be put in charge. They'd know their neighborhoods and they'd know which people were any good and which weren't. That would stop all this silly business."

The farce of the silent sirens on January 27 came in for considerable ribald comment. The general fatalistic attitude was summed up by Joe. "What the hell does it matter? We won't have time to get anywhere, anyhow."

Pat, an elderly man who works on Welfare Island, made a salient point: "Trouble is, the big shots want it to look as though they were doing someing, but they don't want to spend the money. Look at most of these European towns. *They* spent plenty of money making shelters. Here they just want to use what they've got."

One of the other opinions was that perhaps New York might receive advance notice of an impending raid, because it was presumed that Europe would be overrun first. But until this happened no one at the bar seemed to be anxious to do anything more than discuss the inefficiency of the authorities.

So it would seem that the lack of any incentive beyond that of being more important than one's neighbor, and the knowledge that more than likely he will be under the thumb of some officious Jack-in-office, means that the ordinary man, the man in the bar taking his quiet glass of beer, will have nothing to do with civil defense as it is now constituted.

In England the coming of the threat of war on the doorstep produced volunteers who were obviously so much superior to the phony-war civil-defense-unit bosses that many of the later arrivals soon reached positions of authority. The original bosses were consigned to less responsible posts, there to nurse their injured dignity. There is no way of avoiding this sort of thing. The early volunteer organizers did valuable work, it cannot be denied, in setting up systems which worked fairly well under stress. (By "fairly well" is meant as well as any system could function under such conditions.) But the founders of these systems were inflexible, fighting to retain the exact letter of their systems, and were not fitted for the job of leading men in circumstances they could not envisage.

"One thing's sure," said Joe. "We won't get the same bunch of wardens here in New York we had in the last war. People laughed at them so much they'll be afraid of getting into it again. But it'll be the same sort of people, probably."

Should war come (and, surprisingly, no one at the bar seemed to think it as imminent as Governor Dewey does), there can be little doubt that these men, who are now profoundly unenthusiastic, will serve with the same devotion and ability as the man in the London pub who, up to April, 1940, insisted that all this ARP was damned nonsense and that Hitler would be afraid to bomb London for fear of what the R.A.F. might do to Berlin. This was the same man who, after working overtime on an important job, went on duty night after night while the East End burned and houses toppled.

The lack of what is sometimes called "political awareness" is not important, nor is the fact that, so far, very few have shown signs of joining a civil-defense organization. What does matter is that to date there has not been issued and placed in the hands of every person a clear plan of intentions should a real emergency arise. This plan, moreover, should include suggestions as to the jobs that could be undertaken, in an emergency, by men graded in accordance with age, condition, and professional skill. The Pennsylvania Dutchman, for instance, is an electrician. He is both young and fit. If he knew that, should a bomb fall, there was a place he could go and a job he could do, he would remember that and show up when needed.

As Mike turned down the lights the other night, a few minutes before four, someone in the darkness observed, "There aren't many ways out of Manhattan, and they'll have to deal with panic."

The silence that followed this remark was broken only by the sound of men gulping down the last of their beer. No one could venture a comment, for no one had any information on which one could be based.

—RUTHVEN TODD

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Building the Rommel Legend

Traditionally, the British officer regards war as a game. A bit muckier than cricket, but still a game. And when one wins at a game it is only good form to help the other chap to his feet, brush a bit of the mud off him, and murmur, "Well played!"

Traditionally, the German professional regards war as a business. When his firm fails, he turns in a long, dismal report blaming market conditions or other circumstances beyond his control, or asserting that the president of the firm was a *Dummkopf* who ran things with an iron hand, or that the corporation never really failed at all. He applies to his stockholders, creditors, and even rival firms for more funds. Unfortunately, he often gets them.

Two recent books, widely acclaimed by American reviewers, prove only too vividly that these traditions are being upheld. The Britisher in point, Brigadier Desmond Young, an officer on the staff of Field Marshal Auchinleck in the Western Desert, has written *Rommel, The Desert Fox* (Harper & Brothers, $3.50). General Hans Speidel, who became Rommel's chief of staff after Rommel's Army Group B took over the defense of Holland, Belgium, and France north of the Loire in early 1944, and is now chief military adviser to the Bonn government, contributes *Invasion 1944* (Henry Regnery Company, $2.75). Both authors picture Erwin Rommel as the parfit, gentil knight in shining armor (labeled Krupp), and both hammer away to obliterate the swastika embossed on the breastplate.

Rommel and Speidel inspecting Normandy defenses

The reviews that greeted Young's *Rommel* in Britain (where it was published before it appeared here) were what the author would call "a very mixed bag." Certain critics of the war-as-conducted-by-the-Germans-isn't-cricket-at-all school were bitter about Young's attitude, which is admirably set forth by General Auchinleck in a foreword: "Rommel gave me and those who served under my command . . . many anxious moments. . . . He showed no mercy and expected none. . . . I may be accused of belonging to what Mr. Bevin has called the 'trade union of generals.' So far as I know . . . membership in it implies no more than recognition in an enemy of the qualities one would wish to possess oneself, respect for a brave, able and scrupulous opponent and a desire to see him treated, when beaten, in the way one would have wished to be treated had he been the winner and oneself the loser. This used to be called chivalry. . . ."

"There are two opinions on the question of chivalry in war," Young chimes in later. "General Eisenhower holds the other." He quotes Eisenhower's reasons for refusing to receive the captured General von Arnim over a friendly cup of tea in Algiers. "'For me, World War II was far too personal a thing to entertain such feelings. Daily as it progressed there grew within me the conviction that, as never before in a war between many nations, the forces that stood for human good and men's rights were this time confronted by a completely evil conspiracy . . .'" To which Young answers, "Nevertheless there are some who feel that even tattered traditions may be worth preserving . . ."

A certain moral tone-deafness pervades both Rommel books. Young ignores, and Speidel will not admit, the fact that every wise military decision taken by the Germans furthered a black despotism of which genocide was only one of the features, and that every minute's delaying action arranged by the clever Rommel in Normandy permitted more "second-class persons" to be done to death miserably by German torturers.

Thus in his efforts to keep Rommel's moral skirts clean Young faces a dilemma: Either his subject is guilty

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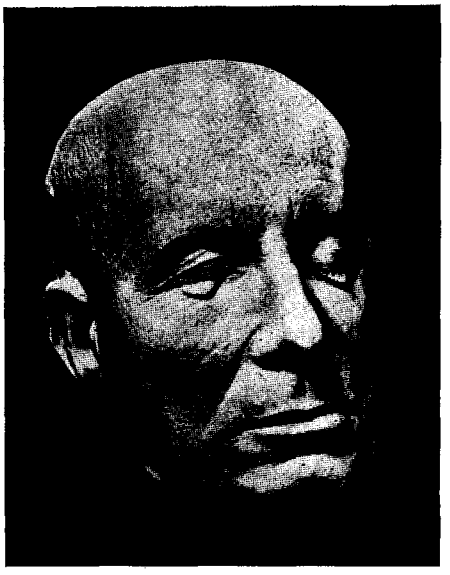
or is far stupider than a field marshal has any right to be. In the main, Young chooses the second explanation: "The only comment which Frau Rommel remembers him making on the Nazis in the early days was that they 'seemed to be a set of scallywags' and that it was a pity that Hitler had surrounded himself with such people. . . . Until his own bitter experiences opened his eyes, and that was not until after El Alamein, he admired . . . Hitler but had no use for Nazis."

What an eye opener adversity can be! For when Rommel participated in the rape of Czechoslovakia as commander of the Führer's escort battalion, he had no mental reservations but "was not alone amongst Germans in thinking, after Munich and even after Prague, that Hitler would 'get away with it somehow.'" Young later adds, "It would be idle to pretend that Rommel had any qualms of conscience over the invasion of Poland." Young himself shows considerable naiveté in his positive statement that not until after March, 1943, did Rommel learn "what the Gestapo and the SS had done in Poland and Russia . . . of slave labour, of the mass extermination of Jews . . . of gas-chambers and the rest of it."

Young's chapters on Rommel's First World War heroism, his life between wars, his part in the conspiracy against Hitler, and his enforced suicide by poison are well written and give the impression of careful research. But the operational sections of the book outshine them. In describing the 1940 dash of Rommel's 7th Panzer ("Ghost") Division through the Ardennes and to the Channel coast, and the maneuvers of the Afrika Korps in the Western Desert, Young is at his best.

Evidently Rommel was the first to perceive that Libya and Cyrenaica constituted one of the world's very few theaters of war ideally suited to armor, and that the employment of tanks on its relatively featureless surface would resemble naval warfare. "Mobile warfare in the desert," he is quoted in one of Young's appendices, "has often and rightly been compared to a battle at sea where, in the same way, it is wrong to attack piecemeal, leaving part of the ships in port during the battle. . . ."

Rommel did not, however, point out that during his early desert triumphs the British were, in effect, opposing corvette and destroyer tanks to his cruisers, although Young fills in that gap fairly well. The German Mark IV, a fairly fast, well-armored panzer,



Rommel: death mask

mounted a high-velocity 75-mm gun that could open the early British tanks like sardine cans. The British were shooting back with popgun two-pounders, and when they got tanks mounting a 57-mm gun they thought themselves rich. Indeed, the consistent superiority of the R.A.F. over the Luftwaffe and the supply-sinking activities of the Royal Navy were all that saved Cairo and the delta, until the American Grants and Shermans appeared—to oppose a 75-mm gun to a 75-mm gun, one cruiser tank to another. When enough U.S. M-4s arrived and the disparity between Luftwaffe and R.A.F. increased, the jig was up for Rommel. That was El Alamein.

Speidel appears prominently in Young's book as an extraordinary soldier-philosopher (he now teaches philosophy at Tübingen University). "Extremely acute and intelligent . . ." writes Young. "As a staff-officer, Speidel, with his precise and analytical mind and his card-index memory, was marked for success, particularly as he combines them with warm, if well-concealed human feelings and a mildly satirical sense of humor. . . ."

John O'Donnell of the New York *Daily News* gave Speidel's *Invasion 1944* a rave: "This German top-notch comrade-in-arms [*sic*] is a mighty interesting person. . . . To understand the hand-picked leader of our German allies [*sic*], we suggest all customers read this book . . . our amateur opinion is that Eisenhower's *Crusade in Europe,* despite its length and ponderous details, isn't half the job of informative writing that Speidel turned out in his book . . ."

O'Donnell's enthusiasm was perhaps predictable, but a reading of Speidel's book discloses that Young at least should be ashamed of himself for being taken in so badly. This "German top-notch comrade-in-arms" begins with a shiny new myth destined for widespread popularity in Germany and certain circles here: ". . . Roosevelt, Churchill, and Chiang Kai-shek had agreed in Cairo on November 1, 1943 [actually November 22-26], on a campaign through the Balkans with the twofold purpose of defeating Germany and preventing the Red Army from overrunning Central Europe. However, at the Teheran conference on December 1, 1943, Roosevelt and Churchill yielded to the wishes of Joseph Stalin. They agreed to start a 'second front,' not in the Balkans but by invading France, as a necessary prelude to decisive operations reaching into the heart of Germany . . . when the Allies renounced their Balkan plans, they substantially modified the outcome of the war and determined the political alignment that was to evolve in the years after the war. With the help of the Anglo-Saxon powers, Stalin established his claim to the 'heritage of the Hapsburgs.'" Of this balderdash it can only be said that no one at either conference gained any such impression.

From this point, Speidel launches into a streamlined version of the old "stab in the back." His book might well be entitled *How Germany Was Robbed of the Victory It Deserved.* The blame, it seems, in descending order of importance, rests on (1) Hitler; (2) Hitler; (3) Hitler; (4) Allied air supremacy; (5) Allied superiority in all kinds of equipment; (6) crushing weight of numbers; (7) an indefinable something that might possibly have been wrong in "poor Germany's" moral position; (8) God's will; (9)

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Allied fighting qualities which, though vastly inferior to the German, nevertheless existed; (10) Hitler.

From the standpoint of military accuracy, Speidel's "precise and analytical" mind is guilty of inexcusable blunders. He writes that before D-Day, "There were about 75 divisions in Great Britain." That wildly exaggerated figure was precisely what the Allies wanted Army Group B to believe as part of the "cover plan." That its chief of staff should go on accepting that figure years after the war is simply incredible.

Speidel goes on overestimating Allied numbers throughout, so the habit may have something to do with the "we were hopelessly outnumbered" aspect of his new "stab in the back." By nightfall of D-Day, he says, "The British Second Army . . . had landed an airborne division and between four and five armored or infantry divisions. . . . The U.S. First Army under General Hodges [actually General Bradley] had landed two airborne divisions and three to four armored divisions . . . The German 716th and 353rd [actually the 352nd] Divisions held out bravely . . ." In point of fact the Americans had two airborne divisions (one badly scattered and mauled) and three infantry divisions (two roughly handled) ashore; the British and Canadians had one scattered, decimated airborne and three infantry divisions, plus three armored brigades.

Being a philosopher, Speidel indulges in a good deal of talk about morals. He was unquestionably an early member of the undercover opposition to Hitler, and he later aided in keeping Rommel in touch with the other conspirators inside Germany. Rommel's severe wounding on July 17, of course, removed him from the active scene just before the July 20 attempt on Hitler's life. Speidel is quick to blame this on the Almighty: ". . . all those who shared [Rommel's] thoughts were to see that an inscrutable higher power, in the hollow of whose hand lay the destiny of man, was pursuing its own course. There was to be no act of liberation."

Field Marshal Günther von Kluge, who had relieved von Rundstedt on July 2 as Commander-in-Chief West, now took over Army Group B from the wounded Rommel. He had known of the plot and sympathized with the plotters. Yet on the evening of July 20 his courage failed him and he did not act to end the war in the West. Speidel is hard on von Kluge, who later committed suicide. "Fate does not spare the man whose convictions are not matched by his readiness to give them effect."

And where was Speidel himself? Von Kluge had gone off somewhere and left Speidel alone in command at the headquarters of Army Group B. "During these ominous evening hours of July 20, a crisis had arisen on the front at Caen." (It marked the climax of a heavy offensive by Montgomery east of the Orne, which nearly succeeded in breaking through with three armored divisions abreast.) "Corps commanders and division commanders telephoned the Army Group headquarters, calling for reserves. . . . The Chief of Staff of Army Group B [Speidel, as he refers to himself throughout] had . . . alone [to] take the necessary measures to hold the front."

Issue a series of wrong orders? Permit the breakthrough and end the whole bloody mess? Apparently that never occurred to Speidel.

This is by no means the only example of self-deception in *Invasion 1944*, and there are also many obvious attempts to deceive the reader. Of the German garrison of Paris, which committed several particularly unsavory atrocities before its getaway, Speidel writes ". . . their conduct often added no honor to *the German name*." And "It should be said in justice to the SS fighting units that they completely disassociated themselves from the secret police portions of their own SS and their methods of operation." That is a barefaced lie and Speidel knows it. On his own front before Caen the 12th SS (Hitler Jugend) Panzer Division was killing off Canadian prisoners at a great rate. Their division commander, Kurt Meyer, has since been tried, found guilty, and imprisoned for life.

Speidel also knew very well about the post-D-Day occurrence at Oradour-sur-Glade because his own commander, according to Young's book, reported it to Hitler. There, in reprisal for the murder of an officer, the 2nd SS (Das Reich) Panzer Division herded more than six hundred women and children into a church and set the village afire. They machine-gunned the men and boys who tried to escape and finished the job by dynamiting the church. There was also an incident at a crossroads near Malmédy, in Belgium. . . .

—AL NEWMAN

Al Newman

Inland from the beaches through a battered Norman village

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'Nuts!' to I. & E.

Since Beverley Bowie's article on the Army's Information and Education Branch, entitled "What Makes G.I.'s Fight?", appeared in The Reporter's *October 24, 1950, issue, a good deal of comment on it has reached us. The most vehement rebuttal was written by an ex-rifleman in the 101st Airborne Division, whose commanding officer at Bastogne once answered a German surrender demand with the immortal message 'Nuts!'*

The 506th Parachute Infantry Regiment, in which I served as a rifleman, probably received no more or less I. & E. literature than any other unit, but I believe that this had no relation whatsoever to its fighting ability.

This is the Age of Public Relations, but the average American (who, after all, forms the bulk of the armed forces) is not fooled. Nowadays we attack a problem not at its roots but on the surface, where the print meets the eye. Thus instead of making better movies the producers invest the money in ink that screams MOVIES ARE BETTER THAN EVER! People who attend the movies find that they are the same as before —some good, some bad.

Put a regiment of male moviegoers into uniform, feed them similar high-flown clichés about democracy, and they remain cynical. They have watched manufacturers run (income-tax deductible) ads using all the old Advertising Council slogans about war aims, and then turn around when the fighting was over and scream for the death of OPA and an immediate reduction in defense spending so that their taxes would be lower. While the soldiers got $50 a month (or $30, whichever war it might be), they read of cost plus ten per cent, of fabulous bonuses, of millionaire draft dodgers who drew only a year in jail (while combat-weary G.I.'s who finally broke down and fell out got ten or twenty years for desertion), and they paid little heed to all the glib talk about war aims and the world to come and why they were fighting, in many cases for a jungle, swamp, or desert no animal would live in.

My own regiment saw the I. & E. movies (and some were excellent); we heard the talks; some of us even read the pamphlets. But when the Army prates democracy at you in print and your own officers commandeer the only decent pub in your pre-D-Day English village and put it off limits to their men; when a captain who refused to get out of his hole in Normandy and kept going back to battalion to "check up" every time his men went over to the attack was transferred to a safer and softer job as regimental special-services officer (delivering I. & E. talks, incidentally); when a rifleman who survived seventy-two days in Holland and two months in the Bulge and Alsace was wounded while drunk, refused a direct order to go back to the medics, and got a twenty-year sentence from a general court-martial; when another rifleman, after two weeks in the line, hitchhiked thirty miles to find a hot shower and was severely reprimanded by a rear-echelon major for being in town with a dirty uniform—well, folks, I. & E. is going to have one hell of a job peddling ad-agency patriotism to the soldiers.

By nature we regard military service as an intrusion on our private ambitions. Let the bums and the hillbillies fight the wars, say we. We have neither the national conscience of the English nor the deep love of their land (but not necessarily of their ideology) that distinguishes the Russian fighting men.

So another war, if it comes, will have to be sold to the ex-serviceman a lot more aggressively than the last one, for he still remembers. He remembers the machine-shop unknowns, spending government money, who became millionaires. He remembers labor foremen who made $1,000 a month working on desert air bases. He remembers frantic hoarding, black markets in everything that was short, used-car dealers who spat at OPA. And now, so soon after Korea, he remembers the rush to hoard sugar, the thousands who failed to report to their draft boards, the insanely selfish ravings against credit restrictions. When he reaches the front he will hear about how people at home are making money through war profiteering, and he will use his I. & E. pamphlets for toilet paper.

Soldiers do not, and most certainly in the cynical future will not, fight for slogans or jingles. They fight—and I am talking about actual combat in the

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rifle regiments—primarily as a matter of self-respect, of pride in themselves and their units. As a case in point, a brief history of my own old outfit will serve as illustration.

The 506th Regiment was composed of parachute volunteers. After passing a rigid physical, the men were given basic training together. They ran up a few mountains and hiked day and night, and most of the quitters quit early. Five qualifying jumps at parachute school further reduced the number of unreliables. Here an interesting point came up, for the 506th, which was the first regiment to go through training as a unit, had a record of only one per cent refusals to jump, against the average of twenty-one per cent for men formed into training battalions simply for the four-week parachute-school course. Fewer men refused to jump because they were jumping with men they knew, with their buddies of basic training. Pride made even the hesitant go out the door.

This pride in the unit, encouraged and stimulated by a colorful colonel, held the regiment together for seventeen jumps before it finally went into combat that midnight before D-Day in Normandy. It was the 506th—not the American way of life or apple pie or hatred of fascism—that made the men fight so hard for the causeways and bridges and the high ground. The regiment jumped with the First Allied Airborne Army into Holland, and later was encircled with the rest of the 101st Division at Bastogne. When the war was over it had won two Distinguished Unit Citations (one for Normandy, one for Bastogne); the French Croix de Guerre with Palm and the Belgian Croix de Guerre for Normandy; the Netherlands Orange Lanyard for Holland; and the Belgian Croix de Guerre for Bastogne.

These awards were won by men who had been together so long that they refused to let their buddies down, by men with a belligerent pride in their regiment and their division. And pride, I think, is the key to the most successful fighting units—the paratroops, the Marines, and the Rangers. I. & E. is all right for rainy days on the indoor schedule, but I am convinced it has nothing whatsoever to do with a strong line of resistance.

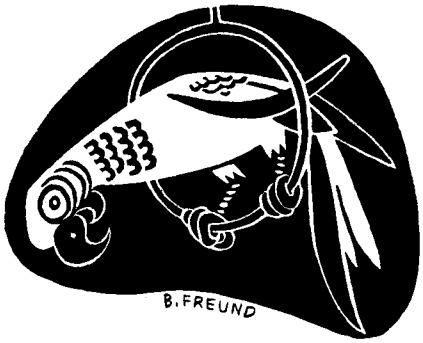
—David Kenyon Webster

How to Jerk Tears And Influence Listeners

Do's and Don'ts of Radio Writing. *By Dorothy B. McCann. 16 pp. Free.*

Armed with the conviction that "Radio drama has almost literally come of age in this mid-century era," Mrs. Dorothy McCann has formulated a vigorous critical theory of that peculiarly American art form, the soap opera. She writes with double authority, being not only the producer of the "Dr. Christian" program on C.B.S. but also the wife of a prominent advertising tycoon. Just as Aristotle seems to have had most particularly in mind the tragedies of Sophocles when he wrote his *Poetics,* Mrs. McCann has based her teachings on the drama she knows best. "The 'Dr. Christian' Radio Program," she states in her foreword, "is a saga of current American life in a typical American small town." Dr. Christian is "wise and human and understanding, simple in his point of view, but broad-gauged, and thoroughly up-to-date in his medical practices." The shows "represent our American way of life as we live it today."

Mrs. McCann first sketches in some history. As Marconi's invention became commercially viable, she says, "people rushed out to buy radio sets with a frenzy quite as hysterical as the current urge to get television sets." Pioneer broadcasters appraised the situation: "What have we got in radio, we asked ourselves? Just one thing. Sound. So what can be presented in terms of sound? So stories, of course." But before too many years had passed, "the insatiable audience got educated faster than we program producers, and got too sophisticated for the simple narrative form of story-telling, and it began to pall." Out of this surfeit, Mrs. McCann indicates, was born American soap opera as we hear it today.



Having set the stage, Mrs. McCann offers some words of caution about the writing of dialogue. Superficially, it would appear that "dialogue is the *easiest* kind of writing." But not so fast, there. "Radio lacks the visual," and so "enough word-pictures must be included in the dialogue to give the listener a picture of the place, the people, and the action." A sample of good form is given:

He: Hi, beautiful, what's your hurry?
She: Hello, handsome. . . . Mm, smell the hyacinths. I love spring.
He: You look like spring yourself . . . sunshine in your hair, violets in your eyes, pink hyacinths in your cheeks.
She: For a guy who delivers the mail in an advertising agency you talk pretty.
He: . . . I'm going to be the Great American Advertising Writer.

"Do not talk about events," Mrs. McCann warns. "Have them happen before our ears." To this end, sound effects, although one should be sparing in their use, can be helpful. "When sound effects are essential to show action," she advises, "like galloping horses, or train whistles, or gun shots, or running feet, write it into your script in capital letters like this:

SOUND OF DIESEL ENGINE HORN, TRAIN PULLING INTO STATION."

Many sound effects, such as "the

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ubiquitous door that opens and closes on every page in every radio drama," are so familiar "that they tell their own story." But some sounds are more difficult to identify, and the accomplished playwright will "have one of the characters mention the action directly preceding its use, thus:

SHE: I'm going to put the bacon on to cook. Wow! The pan is hot, hear it sizzle.

SOUND OF SIZZLING BACON."

Radio script writers should not "clutter up dialogue with extraneous and dull material." For instance, "When the desperate lover is poised on the window sill forty stories up, ready to leap out into the wild blue yonder, don't describe it in such primer-book lines as 'Oh, see the man. He is going to jump.' " Mrs. McCann recommends instead that "the character most closely concerned, preferably the beauty who has driven him to this extremity, scream hysterically, 'Stop him, somebody. Don't let him jump. He'll be killed. Oh-h-h-h-h-!'

"And at this point," Mrs. McCann interjects, "the thud hits the pavement, but don't despair . . . after the break for the middle commercial, what do you know—we learn our hero will walk again due to the beauty's regeneration and loving care." If he's sitting up for regeneration and loving care after a fall of forty stories, our hero has presumably taken full advantage of Dr. Christian's broad-gauged knowledge.

This above all, Mrs. McCann concludes: "We human beings are interested in ourselves, more than in any other subject. So write about *us*, what makes us tick, what happens to us, even write about our yearnings and our desires and our dreams if you must, but please give us human dimensions, and something to say, and make us say it in the way that human animals talk."

Through the galloping horses, the train whistles, the gunshots, and the running feet—all in capital letters, through the hysterical screams and the thuds hitting the pavement, through the breaks for the middle commercial and the synthetic novelty, the listener can indeed still manage to make out, distant but reassuring, that sound effect which Mrs. McCann finally gets around to mentioning: the human voice. —ROBERT K. BINGHAM

To Man's Measure . . .

Tallinn and Brooklyn

Carmen Berendsen

A few days after Carmen Berendsen, a young Estonian violinist, gave her first American concert in Times Hall in New York, I went to see her in Brooklyn. A quiet street on which small two-story houses, the width of a room, faced each other was closed at the end of a block by a brick wall. Above the wall, allegorical feminine figures in stone symbolizing Hope or Grief turned their backs to the street and looked down into a cemetery.

"That is a nice American cemetery," Miss Berendsen said, "to which the dead are brought in orderly fashion. In Estonia, in Tallinn where I was born, we had nice cemeteries too—only the thirty-five thousand Estonians deported by the Russians will never return to lie quietly in them.

"The Russians came in 1940, the Germans in 1941, the Russians again in 1944. I was fifteen when the Russians came the first time; my country was aged twenty-two. It died young.

"When the Russians came they saw no reason why pupils should not continue to be taught to play the violin in the Tallinn Conservatory, but every day, after one's own hours of practice, after the individual lessons and the class in ensemble playing, we had to attend a political lecture. When the Nazis came, they too encouraged music; they too provided political enlightenment. Before the Russians returned in 1944, I escaped to Germany.

"A peculiar choice of refuge, you say. Yes. But it meant that I studied with Prihoda, Zitzmann, and Kulenkampf.

"What is it that you want? Did you come here expecting me to talk politics, or about the war? I am a musician.

"It is music that I can tell you about, only you cannot tell about music in words. It is the beaches and the sea near Tallinn that I can tell you about in the summer when we ran down into the bright, cold sea to swim; in autumn, when we walked in the wind, in the bright sunlight along the deserted beaches and looked at the white-crested waves and the fishing boats returning to harbor. It is the fingers of the left hand that I can tell you about, the ache of the muscles at first, the memory in the fingers, the memory in the arm, and the wrist rising accurately from one position to the next, the right hand balancing and controlling the bow, with the angle and the pressure varying and always exact—and the mind, hearing the sound from the violin yet withdrawn also as it listens to the silent mathematics of music.

"We immigrants bring you the only treasures we have, and they are not the memories of wars or the cruelties of the wars. We bring you what we held closely, secretly, and tenderly while our countries fell—the pure memories of our childhood, and our skills.

"It is our appearance that is deceptive. You see us shorn of our countries. We walk among you, strangers in strange streets; we speak to you haltingly in a new language. You have never seen us talking in our own language, walking in our streets. We still are dust-covered from the ruins. It is not surprising that you think that we are sad people bringing only grief, or anger, or fatigue. But what we immigrants bring you is joy—the joy we had to set aside through the years of evil and that now we can show in the open."

I said something to Carmen Berendsen about the enthusiastic notices of her concert, but she did not seem to hear me. "I am so happy," she said, "I feel like laughing all the time."

It was dark, drizzling, and cold when I went out into the street, but they were still there—Grief and Hope in stone over the wall in the cemetery. For the first time a cemetery seemed to me cheerful. —GOUVERNEUR PAULDING

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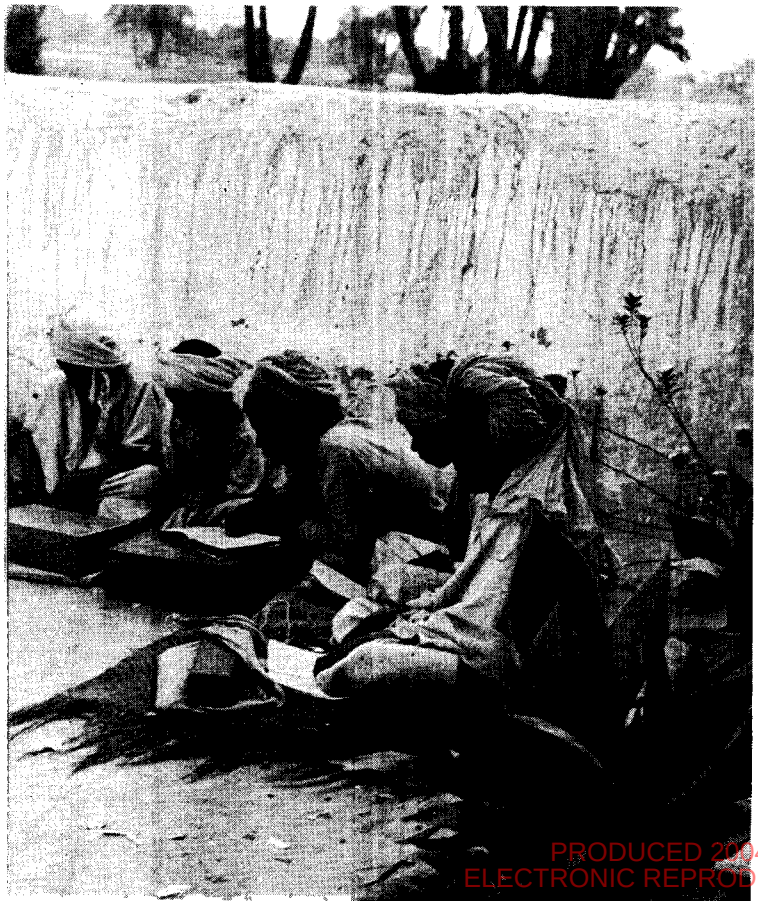
India's submerged majority: the villagers (see p. 21). Above: irrigation project. Below, left: village school. Below, right: untouchables' marriage ceremony



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